

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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## THE IMMORTAL HOUR

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### A GERMAN GIRL'S PLAIN TALK

#### THE GOOD THINGS ABOUT THE NAZIS

#### Growing Consciousness of the Country's Importance

#### A PEOPLE HYPNOTISED

The C.N. has already reported an assurance it has received from Germany that thousands of women there *pray to Herr Hitler*. It is easy to understand that the young German woman of this story does so.

This is from a Geneva correspondent whose judgment and accuracy are beyond question.

Last week we had an extremely interesting guest to supper with us, a young German woman, about 30 or less, a student of international law and employed in the German Ministry of Propaganda under Dr Goebbels.

'The interest to us was', of course, her account of Germany. She has not the faintest shadow of doubt as to the complete good of the Hitler régime. *The Party* is everything. Before Hitler came into power she had no sympathy with it; then she decided that she had better study it, and did so day and night until she emerged completely convinced.

#### Her Life and Soul

Since then her every thought and action have been devoted so it. It is her life and soul, and nothing else in the world matters. According to her a member of the Party no longer works for himself but for his country, whether he be the biggest manufacturer or the merest bootblack. The one thought is the good of Germany.

Class distinctions no longer exist. Each feels himself at the service of any one who needs him or her. Workers no longer have any feeling of resentment against their employers who have money and motor-cars; they know that they carry greater responsibilities. Employers no longer exploit their work-people or treat them harshly in any way; they feel that they are comrades, one with each other. (I am *not* making this up. It is literally as she told us.)

#### All That is Perfect

The country is in process of being organised to the last degree. All clubs, societies, and associations of any kind are either within the Party or simply do not exist. Each smallest person feels himself joined through a chain of connections to the head of the Government himself and we gathered that life would hardly be worth living for anyone not belonging to the Party.

But the worst of all was when she spoke of Hitler. She really became like someone possessed. Any hint of criticism roused her almost to fury. He is all that is perfect. "He is like Jesus Christ to me" was what she actually said.

The plain fact is, it seemed to us, that they are all *Hypnotised*.

### Two Newcomers at Bristol



These lambs were born at Bristol airport, where a local farmer leases the grazing. They were unusually early arrivals.

### ONE MORE QUIET PLACE

GENERATIONS of our descendants will think with gratitude of John Beech Masfield, the well-beloved natural historian of Staffordshire, who saved for the nation the beautiful natural sanctuary of Hawksmoor.

It is good to know that his name will not be forgotten, for a memorial gateway bearing an inscription dedicating the sanctuary to his memory has been opened by his famous kinsman, John Masfield.

The Poet Laureate gave a stirring address on the dangers threatening our wild birds. He thinks the growth of our cities has given rise to a large class of people who are out of touch with Nature, so that when they get into the country they are like children out of control; they spoil and pillage and plunder. In every village, he said, there is at least one shooter prepared to blast into eternity any rare and beautiful bird.

C.N. readers will be glad to know that Mr Masfield has nothing but contempt

for people who keep caged birds. Thoughtlessly people lavish affection on their poor little captives, but their arguments are no better than those of people who approve of slavery and talk of the benefits received by the slaves.

Mr Masfield must have given food for thought to the hundreds of people who came to the unveiling of this memorial. He asked his audience to imagine the feelings of a bird used to rising 1000 feet in the air suddenly doomed not to use its wings again.

He denounced also the collectors of eggs. "Boys have to brave the keepers and risk their bones," he said, "but the grown-up collector bribes the keeper and pays the thief."

At Hawksmoor the birds, animals, and plants have a sanctuary of 260 acres of unspoiled country, with valleys of fir and birch, steep wooded hillsides, heather and bracken, and water meadows along the River Churnett.

### A GREAT DISCOVERY

#### DRY ROT FUNGUS AND DEATH-WATCH BEETLE

#### What Our Scientists Are Doing To Check Them

#### DISCOVERY OF RESISTING TREES

There are two trees in the British Empire which are almost impervious to that dry rot which has proved so destructive of the oak, chestnut, and other timbers used so freely in the floors and roofs of England's halls and churches.

Both these trees flourish in Canada. They are known as the red cedar and the hemlock spruce.

Our Forest Products Research Board has been making elaborate experiments in the laboratory at Princes Risborough with a view to discovering how to check the ravages of the dry rot fungus and to finding a timber which would resist the disease altogether.

#### The Bad and the Good

One method has been to erect two kinds of rooms, one termed a bad-construction room with a hollow floor having no ventilation below it, and the other a good-construction room with ample ventilation. The report states that no growth of fungus took place in the ventilated flooring, though each section had twice been infected with wood on which dry rot fungus was in active growth. This experiment showed how useful ventilation is, though it will not check a well-established attack.

In the study of the bad-construction room it was found that fungus covered the greater part of the flooring 18 months after inoculation. Alternate boards were removed from this floor and replaced by boards of western red cedar and western hemlock spruce, and after nine months it was found that the red cedar boards were completely free from fungus, while there were but slight indications of fungus attack upon the hemlock.

#### A Problem Still Unsolved

The death-watch beetle has also been placed under close observation at Princes Risborough; in fact, owing to the difficulty of obtaining sufficient specimens of this insect the scientists solved the problem by purchasing two willow trees which were known to contain living beetles and transplanting them in their grounds.

Among other discoveries is the fact that the development of the death-watch insect is speeded up by increased temperature, and that larvae feeding in humid conditions and where fungi have already produced decay in timber develop rapidly. The problem of the death-watch beetle has not, of course, been solved, but the scientists have clearly demonstrated that constructors and others responsible for the timber work of our buildings can do something to stay the ravages of this deadly insect.



## HOW SOME PEOPLE ENJOY THEMSELVES

The Fox on the Ledge of the Crag

AND THE LAST STAG OF THE SEASON

For four hours the cry of men and hounds had broken the serene stillness of the mountains round Ullswater.

And then there was peace. The fox was lost. But it was only for a short space. It was discovered crouching breathless on the ledge of a crag, nine inches wide, and was soon dislodged by a huntsman who climbed near enough to throw stones at it.

It was between the huntsmen and the water, and it chose to drown rather than be torn to pieces. It plunged into the lake, swam forty yards, was too exhausted after the long chase to swim farther, and so sank. Men who rowed after it in a boat returned to say that there was no sign of it.

Down in Somerset the day before the last stag of the season was hunted from Dunster, through the streets of Minchhead, and out on to the marshes. Soon it was out of its depth in the sea. Exhausted, like the Ullswater fox, it could not struggle against the current. The waves carried it out and it was drowned.

Did those huntsmen of Ullswater and Somerset return to their homes pleased with the day's sport, or did even they begin to wonder whether the odds were fair and English?

As for us, we are ashamed that there should still be people in this country with so much spirit of cruelty in them. It is hard, sometimes, to complain of Nazis.

## KILLING CHILDREN WITH TOYS

Parliament Looks On While They Die

CELLULOID AGAIN

One of our leading hospitals has written to the Safety First Association calling attention to several cases of accidents to children through celluloid toys.

The hospital cites the case of a little girl who recently died in its wards from terrible burns. She had dropped her celluloid doll near the fire. It caught alight and she pulled it toward her. The flames caught her face and arms, and she died from the burns a week later.

When will our National Government stop this tragedy of little children playing with inflammable toys.

There cannot be a member of any party (unless it is one of those few members whom we suspect of being at the call of any vested interest) who would stand up in Parliament and say that children should not be protected from inflammable toys; yet month after month passes, and child after child is burned to death because a good profit can be made out of celluloid.

It is a shameful thing, to which the C.N. has called attention again and again in vain, for Parliament cares nothing and Home Secretary after Home Secretary looks on and does nothing.

## PERSIA PLEASED

We are again the best of friends, thanks to the Council of the League of Nations.

So said the delegate of Persia lately when he came to Geneva as witness to the final settlement of his Government's dispute with our own Government over the Anglo-Persian Oil Company.

This happy state of affairs is due to the methods employed by the Council and to the firm determination of Dr Benes of Czecho-Slovakia to bring about a settlement fair to both sides. The new concession ratified by the Persian Parliament is already in force, and its terms are open for all the world to read.

## ENGLISH JOURNALIST IN A GERMAN PRISON

Punishment For Telling the Truth

POISONING THE FOUNTAIN OF NEWS

Herr Hitler's officials a week or two ago imprisoned the correspondent of a famous English newspaper, the Daily Telegraph, a sober daily worth all the Fleet Street morning trash.

Not satisfied with muzzling their own newspapers and preventing their own people from knowing what is happening in Germany, the Nazi Government has suppressed the freedom of journalists from other countries. Mr Noel Panter, the Munich correspondent of the Telegraph, was arrested as a spy for sending to his newspaper a straightforward account of the military demonstration of 20,000 Storm Troops held at Kelheim one Sunday last month. On the day his article appeared he was hurried off to prison without an opportunity to speak to any of his friends. He was prevented from securing the services of a lawyer and our Consul at Munich could do nothing for him.

### A Stupid Mistake

With their advent to power the Nazi Government established a Department familiar in all countries in the war as the Ministry of Propaganda, whose chief task is the suppression rather than the distribution of news. The branch at Munich ordered the Press to take care not to convey the impression that the demonstration of the Storm Troops was military in character, for the German Government was most anxious not to alarm France and England in view of the withdrawal from Geneva. The German journalists wrote as they were ordered to write, but Mr Panter did his duty and sent home an unbiassed account of the event.

From the German point of view this arrest and the secrecy surrounding it were a stupid mistake. They called attention to an event to which it was not desired to give publicity.

Herr Hitler has been emphasising his will for peace on many platforms. If he means what he says he will encourage every reputable journalist to send to England full and free accounts of what he sees in Germany.

Herr Hitler is accused of poisoning the fount of knowledge at home; he cannot poison it for Europe as long as a free English journalist is left alive.

## PALESTINE

The Arabs and Their Prestige

Our task as Mandatory Power in Palestine has proved a heavy one in recent weeks, when fear and jealousy have given rise to fanatical riots against authority.

The trouble arose from the fear of the Arab population that events in Germany would lead to a great increase of Jewish immigrants into the country they have inhabited for centuries. It is a mistaken idea, for the Jews have been carefully restricted to such numbers as the country can absorb, and the new immigrants have brought with them a prosperity which has been shared by all.

The Arabs are a proud race, who feel that their prestige is waning. In these riots police of their own race as well as English and Jews have suffered. The Jewish hospitals opened their doors to all parties, a proof of the real goodwill which can exist in the Holy Land if all sides will be patient.

## Arthur Mee's Wonderful Gallery of Heroes

Part 4 Ready Tomorrow  
Sixpence Everywhere

## FRANCE LOSES A LEADER

Scholar and Statesman  
THE WISDOM OF PAUL PAINLEVÉ

France has been mourning the passing of a great scholar, patriot, and peace-maker—Paul Painlevé.

The son of a humble draughtsman, Paul showed such brilliance at school that he quickly rose to become a professor at Lille University. He was soon his country's foremost mathematician. Two famous names are linked with his, that of Professor Einstein, whose theories he could understand and expound, and that of Wilbur Wright, whose invention he so much appreciated that he was one of the first passengers to fly with him.

Two years before this adventure he had been elected a deputy for Paris, and he worked hard to develop aviation.

During the war he was Prime Minister for two months, in the course of which occurred the appalling disaster to the Italian Army at Caporetto. He saved the Allies by sending French and English troops to stop the gap, and with Mr Lloyd George he took the first steps toward that unity of command which won the final victory.

Wise in many ways was M. Painlevé. Though he was more responsible than any man for the air-power of France, he proposed last year that military bombers should be suppressed and that an International Air Force should be organised to act against any breaker of the peace, while civil aviation should be controlled.

## A NEW GOVERNMENT IN FRANCE

The French Objection To Taxes

A new name has come to the front in European politics.

It is that of Albert Sarraut, who succeeded M. Daladier as Prime Minister of France. He has formed a Cabinet hoping to succeed with a Budget more acceptable to his nation than that devised by his predecessor. M. Sarraut belongs to the same Radical Party as M. Daladier, who enters the new Cabinet as Minister of War—a curious turn of fortune, for he has earned golden opinions in Europe as a man of peace.

The crisis which brought about the fall of the Government was entirely financial, and we are glad to record that all the evidence goes to prove that France has not changed the view expressed at the poll last year that a peaceful solution of European problems is attainable. The trouble has arisen from the rooted objection of all Frenchmen to pay more than they can possibly help in taxes.

## LUSITANIA'S S O S

Death Knell of 1198 People

A grim tragedy of the early days of the war is recalled by the announcement of the death of Mr Robert Leek of Wallasey.

He was senior wireless operator of the Lusitania, which was torpedoed off the Old Head of Kinsale on May 7, 1915, on her way to England from America.

The main details of her sinking by a German submarine and the deaths of 1198 people are still vividly in our mind, but we think Mr Leek's bravery at that time is not always appreciated.

He was at lunch when the first torpedo struck the Lusitania. The second wireless officer was on duty, but Mr Leek—a young man of 31—hurried to the wireless cabin to send out the S O S messages.

He remained at his post, feverishly sending out messages, until ordered to the boats as the liner made her final plunge, twenty minutes after the first torpedo was fired. A lifeboat was at hand for him, and after many hours in the open sea he was rescued.

## BERLIN'S WEEK OF PAGEANTRY

BACK TO THE OLD, OLD FAR-OFF DAYS

Encouraging the Old Crafts of the Hand Workers

A NAZI EFFORT TO SET BACK THE CLOCK

They have been holding demonstrations in Germany in favour of handicrafts and the making of things by hand instead of by machinery.

Processions have been held in Berlin, one with 100,000 workers taking part. A characteristic feature of this procession was that most cars were horse-drawn and carried people in medieval costume. In fact, the one or two motors looked very much out of the picture among the banners of the shoemakers asking the onlookers to make hand-made shoes.

There were dressmakers and pastry-cooks, carpenters, joiners, and hatters all appealing for support. A general in armour astride a wooden horse set on a car led the main procession. He held a huge javelin and was surrounded by other men in armour.

### Opposing Mass Production.

The demonstration was but one phase of the strange hark-back to earlier days which is characteristic of German thought and action today. Their leaders are making an appeal to the individual in his workroom or little shop in opposition to the mass producers of modern industry. They tried to abolish the large departmental stores, but these still remain, though under "pure German ownership."

There are many earnest thinkers in all lands who regret the passing of the old hand industries, and the Germany of the olden time was particularly rich in its craftsmen; but the machine has taken the place of the individual and no nation can put back the clock in this way, for, however we may decry our machine-made apparel and utensils, the fact remains that millions today enjoy what was the privilege of the few in the days before man harnessed steam and electricity to work for him.

### A Bad Habit

These processions and banners are an appeal to mass psychology and not a helpful move toward prosperity and contentment. In the days of her decadence Rome pleased her people with games, processions, and circuses. As an occasional relaxation they may be all very well, but as a national habit their effect cannot be good. The waving and saluting of flags has never enabled a nation to emerge victorious over its difficulties, and the new Germany stands in need of more serious things than all this pageantry and speechifying which her Nazi rulers are thrusting on her.

## THINGS SAID

Silence is golden, but a large part of the world has gone off the gold standard.

Overheard by Sir John Simon at Geneva

Some town folk in the country are like children out of control: they spoil, pillage, and plunder. Mr Masfield

Any person able to report a case of dangerous driving would render a public service by doing so. The Times

Many boys would never appear in police courts but for the absence of recreation. A London Magistrate

The Japanese policy in Manchukuo can at any minute plunge the world into a catastrophe. A Russian Broadcast

A thermometer on the chest of a person, sitting a reasonable distance from the fire and another on his back register a difference of 30 degrees.

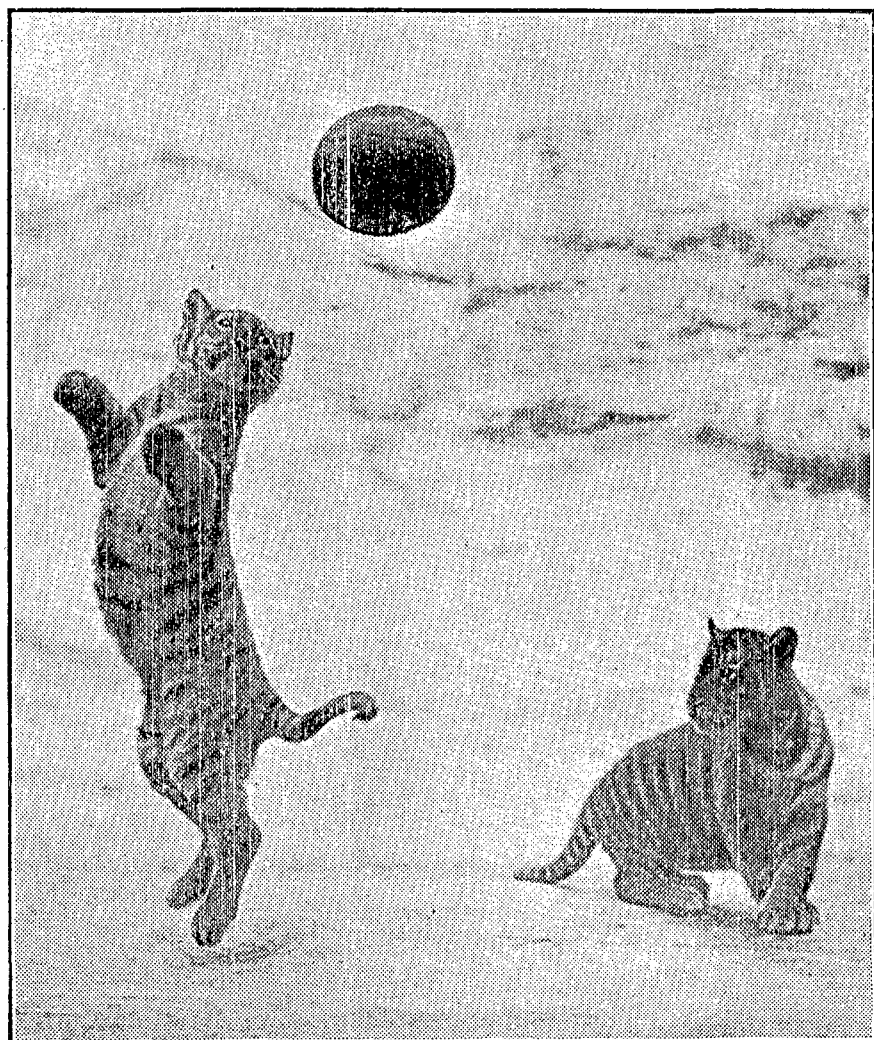
Mr P. J. Robinson



# RIDERS IN THE PARK • TIGER CUB FOOTBALLERS • CHINESE PAGEANTRY



The Morning Ride—The riders in the Row provide a spectacle of unflinching interest for Londoners. Here is a party setting out for an early-morning ride along the famous track.



Tiger Footballers—The tiger cubs at Whipsnade greatly enjoy playing with a football.



The Colourful East—These Chinese children in costume were seen at a wedding in Shanghai.



## THE LEAGUE GOES FORWARD

### Its Strongest Ally

### TRUTH WILL KEEP IT STRONG

From Our League Correspondent

Germany's decision to leave Geneva is a very hard knock, but it is not a death-blow to the League of Nations.

When we hear the easy cry that "this will kill the League," when we read doleful predictions that "this is the finish of Geneva," we need to remember what we mean by the League. Behind its committees and conferences, behind its Assembly, its Council, its delegates, at the back of all this, is its Idea, and it is to that that we must look when we ask whether it can live.

*Is the League Idea true?*

*Is a world of cooperation nearer to our conception of the Kingdom of Heaven than one of conflict?*

*Is a reign of peace more in accord with that Kingdom than constant strife?*

These are our questions, and answering them rightly we shall know that the League Idea must triumph whatever blows may be dealt at the shape and form through which it works. For the Idea itself has vitality which cannot be quenched, the vitality of Truth itself.

#### Truth Triumphs

How dare we talk, or allow others to talk, so easily about its destruction! How dare we allow such statements to pass unchallenged! Truth triumphs. Shall we not range ourselves on its side?

Doubtless we shall see changes in form. Each check may point to some weak spot in the organisation, each failure to the need for new thinking and new formations, and they should then be welcomed as the pointers to better ways of expressing the Idea, of translating it into action. But the Idea itself stands; and, strangely enough at this juncture when Germany has dealt this hard blow, it is Germany's own minister, Dr Goebbels, who said the true word, though it is hard to believe in his sincerity. Dr Goebbels said that *Truth is the strongest ally in the struggle for a new idea.*

So the League goes forward, grateful for this reminder, confident in the truth of its Idea, and knowing that it has the support of the strongest possible ally, Truth itself.

## THE POOR WOMAN AND THE OLD BOOK

### It is a Kind Old World

How many dealers are there who, when offered something for 10s, would insist on giving £600?

Yet it has happened, and as a witness that it is not always the wicked who flourish like a green bay tree the book-seller who gave £600 instead of 10s is still flourishing.

A woman called at his shop and asked him to buy an old book for 10s. He looked at it and he looked at her. He saw that the book was worth a lot of money and that the woman had little.

He found out that she was a widow with a son to send to school, and he asked her to leave the book for him to examine it.

When she called back in an hour's time he gave her the 10s she had asked.

She took it and thanked him and walked toward the door, and the book-seller knew that she would walk out of the door content with the 10s. But he called her back (as he had meant to do all the time) and told her the real value of the book and offered her £600.

He did more than this, however; for he had asked his solicitor to call, and so the woman had good advice as to how best to invest the money.

## MUSIC FROM THE ANVIL

### The Smith a Generous Man is He

### A MAN WHO GAVE HIS BEST FOR THE BEST

One of the most curious organs ever built is being completed at Pentre, in the Rhondda district of Glamorganshire.

The builder is Mr Thomas J Hoskins, who is a blacksmith, motor-engineer, musician, and organist. The organ has taken four years to build and has been made at the forge, the garage, the home, and the church.

Mr Hoskins was organist at the Carter's Corner Methodist Church. But the organ was old and dilapidated. There was no money to buy a new instrument, and when people were short of food it was no use appealing for money. So he thought he would combine his skill as smith, motor-engineer, and musician, and make an organ.

He bought an old organ to begin, and from this took a few pipes and the keyboard. Then he began to make 600 new pipes from three inches to nine feet in length—all in his spare time. He bought 20 sheepskins and made the bellows. Then he used 25 pounds of glue, over 2000 screws, 15 pounds of nails, and much wood. And for £60 a wonderful organ has come into being.

It is twelve feet high, nine feet wide, and seven feet deep. Mr Hoskins has charged no one a penny for his labour, but he loved music and gave his best for the best.

## GOLDFINCH LISTENS-IN

### Little Tale of a Suffolk Church

The low window of the little Suffolk church looked on to some small hills far off, some cottages, and the churchyard.

The evening service was in progress and a hymn was being sung; also, it being the summer of 1933 which has reluctantly become autumn, it was beautiful outside, and the eyes of at least one of the congregation constantly wandered away through the window to the grass and the trees so close.

Suddenly, down from a high green tree, came a little bird; one vested in various and glorious colours, his head scarlet—though this he knew nothing about, nor that his name was Goldfinch.

He flew from his tree on to the top of an old, old gravestone which guarded the resting-place of some long-forgotten villager in that peaceful spot; and then it seemed that he was about to be off and to take all too quickly his beauty from the watcher's eyes.

But, as sure as we are sure of anything, Goldfinch suddenly heard the music of the organ. He was arrested. He put his red-capped head first on one side, then on the other, and stayed very, very still in an attitude of listening, his bright little eyes almost alight, making a picture, with that old grey stone, of life and death.

At that moment, strangely enough, came the words in the hymn:

*Father-like He tends and spares us;  
Well our feeble frame He knows.*

And then he was gone.

But who shall say he had not heard and realised some meaning in that human song as he went off to sing his little heart out to the evening skies?

## WHERE CHRISTIANITY HAS FAILED

By Lady Simon

We punish cruelty to animals in police courts. I fail to see the difference in hunting a poor inoffensive animal and taking a horrible pleasure in its death.

We denounce Spain for her bull-fights, but we are ridiculed because we are self-confessed hypocrites by blood sports.

Christianity has failed if those who profess it take pleasure in the suffering and death of dumb animals.

## TIKI TAKEN

### An Idol Missing From Horniman's

### THE WONDERFUL CLOCK

We are sorry to see that thieves broke into Horniman's Museum, Forest Hill, recently through a wooden partition put up by workmen who are adding a new wing. Tiki, an Eastern god, was removed, and so were several antique necklaces and earrings.

This delightful museum, with its 15-acre park, was given to the public by Frederick John Horniman, a son of the founder of the famous tea firm. He travelled widely, collecting natural history specimens and curios, which he exhibited at his own house; but at the end of the 19th century he built this handsome museum with its blue and gold mosaic panel on the front.

#### Favourite With Children

Horniman's Museum is a favourite with children because it is a homely place where they can see much without getting tired; the special attraction is the wonderful clock. As it strikes four a door above the face opens, and out file the twelve Apostles. They glide to the centre of the room where stands a figure of Christ; they turn stiffly to face him, and bob their little wooden heads before proceeding. Last in the procession comes Judas, who turns away from Christ to bow. Then he, too, disappears through the door on the other side, and the ceremony is over for the day.

We are told the clock has been out of order for some time, so that it does not work of its own accord now, but a little coaxing from behind does the trick.

## UNEQUAL WAGES

### How the Sheltered Trades Have Gained

Wage rates exhibit many inequalities between trade and trade. This was true before the war, but since 1918 the differences have greatly increased.

The pressure of foreign competition directly affects some industries and depresses their profits and wage-funds. Industries such as building, however, that are immune from overseas attack, enjoy relatively higher wages; they are "sheltered."

Here are the weekly wage rates of some well-known sheltered industries, expressed roundly, for July 1914 and the end of 1932:

	1914	1932
Building .. .. .	40s	67s
Electrical Wiremen ..	39s	73s
Permanent-way Men ..	22s	43s
Tram Drivers .. ..	31s	58s
Bakers .. .. .	30s	62s
Printers-Hand Compositors	36s	74s

In some cases we see money wages in sheltered trades have been doubled.

In unsheltered trades a very different story appears. Here are some cases:

	1914	1932
Engineering (Fitters) ..	39s	59s
Shipwrights .. .. .	41s	60s
Ironmoulders .. .. .	42s	62s

Here the increases are about 50 per cent—little more than sufficient to meet the rise in the cost of living as compared with pre-war prices.

A notable exception is the boot and shoe industry, in which the pre-war rates have been doubled; this trade has always been marked by excellent relations between employers and employed.

In agriculture, too, there has been a big rise, male labourers getting 31s in 1932 as compared with 18s in 1914.

#### LONDON'S WHITE BLACKBIRD

A white blackbird is living in a holly bush near the Horse Guards Parade in St James's Park.

It hops about quite close to a busy footpath, yet even the cockney sparrows do not seem to notice anything unusual.

## A BOY AND HIS CAT

### Never Desert a Friend

### YOUNG POLE'S LONG WALK TO ZAKOPANE

A boy and a cat set out together to seek a livelihood in the great world.

That is one of the oldest stories: and the newest.

We are not thinking of Puss in Boots but of a cat which worked its way into the affection of a young man of nine living in Warsaw. He took the cat home. He shared his food with it. He let it sleep under his blanket.

His parents did not want a cat. They grumbled for a bit, and then they issued an order: The cat must go.

Next morning the boy did not come down to breakfast. Shouts went unanswered. His bed was empty.

#### Fellow-Travellers

After a period of anxiety and suspense the parents heard that the boy had arrived at his aunt's home in Zakopane in the Carpathian Mountains. He was accompanied by a cat. They had travelled some 375 miles.

The boy had felt that he could not drive out the little creature that trusted him. If it was to be driven out he must go too. So he had got up in the night, put a string round Pussy's neck, and set off along the dark roads.

He hoped his kind aunt would be good to Pussy, and so went to Zakopane.

Now he is back at his father's home in Warsaw—and so is Puss.

Of course it was wrong of the boy to run away, but "Never desert a friend" is a good motto.

## THE SILENCE

### A Great Store and Its Customers

From a Correspondent

A French lady who was once in England when a French President died told us that she went into one of London's greatest stores at the time the funeral service was taking place in Paris, and asked if it was being broadcast in the Radio Department.

They told her this was not being done, but that they certainly would broadcast it for her, which they did.

So, partly remembering this, on November 11 we made a short pilgrimage there to hear the service at the Cenotaph, relayed to the same Radio Department.

We could hear the massed people in Whitehall talking, their voices a low thunder; the military orders, the bugles, the bagpipes, and the band; and when the Silence came we felt the great roar of traffic outside in Oxford Street stand still. Buying and selling ceased in the stores, and figures stood unmoving behind their counters. Here, as everywhere, that little heartbreaking ritual had its deep impressiveness, bringing not only the great crowds of the streets close through a common sorrow, but also those who could not go outside buildings.

Quietly those who had been serving us a moment before stood remembering those who had served their generation and all generations to come, even to giving their lives.

Then the world began again. Oxford Street came to life. The stores hummed with business. Everyone looked almost as if nothing had happened; yet for two minutes the great world had become as one great beating heart.

## JOURNALISM BETTER WITHOUT THEM

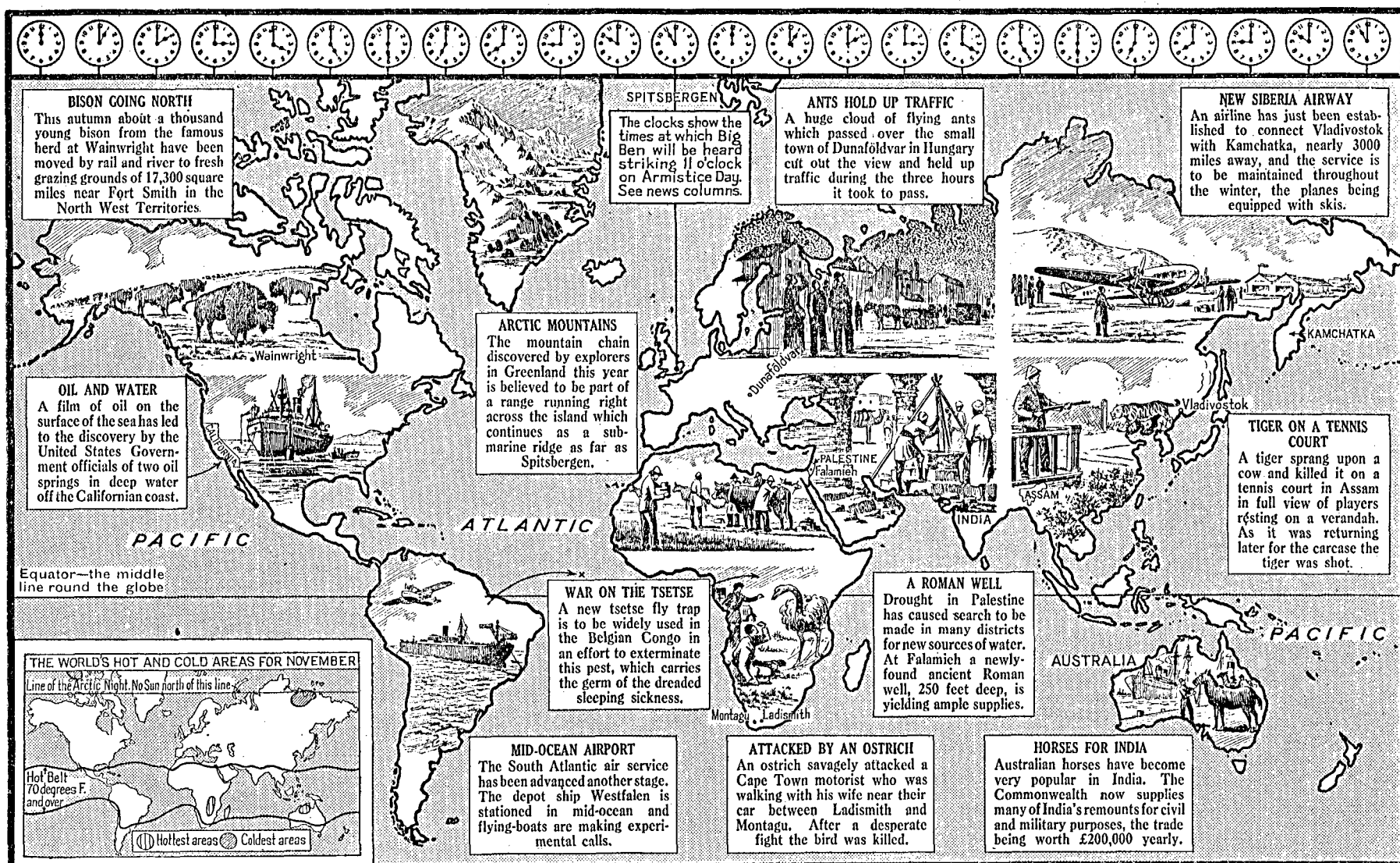
By St John Ervine

It is time we stopped these amateurs in journalism.

We must stop these men who don't know the first thing about journalism, who don't even know English. We must stop proprietors who indulge in piffing personal vendettas to obtain political power they are unfit to hold.



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## THE SILENCE ROUND THE WORLD

### Empire's Day of Remembrance

This year the Cenotaph ceremony will be heard by the whole Empire for the first time.

The B.B.C. Empire service will broadcast the ceremony in Whitehall so that when Big Ben strikes 11 on November 11 it will be possible to keep the Silence everywhere under the Flag at the same moment.

It will not, of course, be the same time everywhere, and this week the 24 little clocks along the top of the C.N. World Map show the time in all parts of the world when it is 11 o'clock in London. Times on the right half of the map are fast and those on the left are slow of Greenwich Mean Time.

### THE MEMORY

The Hungarian village of Mezöhegyes has thought of a beautiful way of honouring those of its sons who fell in the war.

It has made a cemetery not for their bones, which lie scattered in distant regions, but for that which was imperishable in them, their memory.

Consoling as it often is to feel that our personal sorrow is but a fragment of one great universal sorrow, there are other times when the spirit craves for privacy in its grief. And the simple kinsfolk of those fallen men find untold solace in this little oasis of memory with its symbols. An oak sapling has been planted for each, so that by the time the wooden tablets which recall them for the present generation have mouldered away a small but beautiful oak wood will preserve for those who come after us the memory of the unknown men who gave up their lives for their country.

It is three years since rain fell on some of the farms in the Lake Rudolph area of Kenya.

## TOLD TO THE MARINES

### Nelson's Last Act

Two stories about Nelson were told at a gathering of Old Comrades of the Royal Marines on Trafalgar Night.

Colonel W. P. Drury told how during the Battle of Trafalgar a Marine aboard the Victory got entangled in ropes from the torn rigging. Nelson saw what happened, and threw his own knife across the deck to the man, who cut himself free. The man's descendants still treasure the knife with Nelson's initials on it.

Colonel Drury said that Nelson's last act on leaving England was to kiss a little girl of five. She was the daughter of one of his officers and became the mother of a very distinguished Marine, Captain Portlock Dadson.

A kiss given more than a hundred years ago is something less tangible than a knife, but we can be quite sure it is a family treasure all the same. Who would not be proud to say that "Nelson kissed my grannie?"

The Royal Marines like to remember these things, and they have earned the right, because 92 officers and 3600 men fought with great gallantry at Trafalgar.

### THE WARS WE LIKE

A recent game of football is worth special mention as an illustration of growing world unity.

All the world is being conquered by football, and a month or two ago England and Italy drew an eventful match at Rome.

Now we have the record of a match in which West Ham played in London a team representing Peru and Chile. This also was played to a draw, each side scoring two goals. The play of the South Americans was much admired.

These are the wars we admire. These are the conflicts which teach nations each other's worth and rid even stupid people of the idea that any one nation has all the virtues.

## SIR GUY OF CORNWALL

### A Young Knight To the Rescue

Guy Gillbard, a nine-year-old who lives at Altarnon in Cornwall, was out walking the other day when he saw a dog struggling frantically to escape from a rabbit trap in which its leg was caught.

It is always difficult to release an animal caught in such a trap, and Guy was handicapped by having a broken arm in a sling; yet he went to help the dog and did not leave it till he had set it free, though the dog, frantic with pain, bit him on his legs and arm.

"Why did you not go for help?" someone asked, and Guy said: "Well, you see, the dog would have suffered all that while longer."

## AN IDEA WORTH COPYING

### 4000 at a Rehearsal

Bristol's large concert hall was recently filled by four thousand children, who had the privilege of listening to the rehearsal of the concert Sir Thomas Beecham and the London Philharmonic Orchestra were giving that evening.

Those present in the evening had to pay large sums of money for their tickets, but the afternoon audience were invited guests. They were the senior scholars from Bristol and neighbouring schools.

What a good idea, for the strains that afternoon were as lovely as in the evening, and how much better to let them fall on eight thousand ears than on empty air! We hope the idea will spread.

### MORE MEN WORKING

The League of Nations has reduced to figures the latest reports on world unemployment which show an all-round diminution in August as compared with the spring of this year.

The percentage reductions for August measured against April are roundly: Germany 19, Belgium 21, Canada 9, United States 8, France 23, Italy 13, Poland 17, Czechoslovakia 22, and England 10.

## SUCCESS—BY R. L. S.

### Lord Wakefield Tells a Story

We once knew a young man who strove never to speak unless his words would in some way help to improve the world. He was, we regret to state, very dull company.

But now and then a sentence spoken from the heart, unpremeditated, in the full glow of friendly feeling, may shape a whole life. Such a one Lord Wakefield recalled at the stone-laying of Farrington's School Chapel at Chislehurst the other day.

As a young man Lord Wakefield had gone out to Samoa and visited Robert Louis Stevenson. On his leaving Stevenson said: "Goodbye, Wakefield. Remember this: fill your life with laughter and sunlight; that is the best kind of success—to radiate happiness."

That sentence, Lord Wakefield said, set him on the right path, and the experience of a long life had convinced him that it was the soundest of sound advice.

### THE POST OFFICE SHOP

The Post Office has started a new enterprise. It is setting up shops to sell its goods.

Already the first Post Office General Stores has been opened in the Strand, where everything needed for telephones and telegraphy is on sale. There is also a display of bank safes, stamps, and so on.

Many boys and girls will be attracted to these stores, for there is a free cinema, where sound pictures tell the story of what happens to letters and parcels behind the scenes after they have been posted in London. The wonders of telephone exchanges are also shown, and audiences are taken for a picture tour through the Rugby wireless station.

### Pity the Poor Pit Pony

And buy your coal from mechanical transport mines



## CHILDRENS NEWSPAPER

NOVEMBER 11 1933

## The Immortal Hour

As the clock strikes the hour of Peace proclaimed silence falls on the air.

In this pause of the national life (this year of the Empire's life), when the heads of a people are bared as if in supplication, the unuttered thought that rises in the mind should be a prayer for Peace. The years pass and are counted unto us, but still that blessed consummation lingers.

When the guns on that first Armistice Day, at the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month of 1918, boomed out the proclamation that they no longer spoke of death and destruction, but of their cessation, the people broke out into a frenzy of rejoicing at their release from the long-drawn-out horrors of war. In that hour it was unthinkable that men could ever war again. But little by little that joyful relief vanished in disillusionment, and the cause is in the folly and forgetfulness of men.

The first backward step was taken when the world divided itself into victors and vanquished, when guns and tanks were set up as tokens of triumph and when in the Council Chamber it was sought to humble the defeated. Even as the victorious nations cried *Never Again*, and blunted the weapons of those on the losing side, they sought in word and deed to sharpen their own. The result is seen today in a Europe where every nation, small or great, is openly or secretly arming.

The excuse of the arming nations is that they are armed for defence; but there is no such thing as defensive armament. Guns, tanks, submarines, bombing planes, poison gases, are all the same. *Their purpose is to kill, and kill they will* while the folly of the world permits them.

The Two Minute Silence is but the briefest interval in the life of a nation, but in it there is time to reflect, if men will only do so, on the future as well as on the past. In many a stricken heart on Armistice Day the thought is of some loved and lost soldier who lies among the Glorious Dead whose sacrifice the Cenotaph immortalises. They died to give us Peace. It is we who betray them if we do not bend every fibre of our being to the same end. If we are indifferent we betray our dead.

Peace for the world is not a task of contemplation. There can be no standing aside merely to condemn the frantic boast and foolish word of Nazi and Fascist. Peace is a man's task. It is every man's task. It is the task that lies heavily on every human heart and should engage the energies and prayers of all mankind.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## A Yorkshire Village

WE see that the question of village water supply is being discussed.

We wonder if the Yorkshire County Council knows that clean water has been *carried five miles* into one of its villages near Driffield, where the water supply is unequal to the demands of a clean community, and the village pond, we are told, is anything but as it should be.

Foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but in this village in Yorkshire, we understand, are those who go five miles for a glass of pure water to drink.

## This Comic World

COULD anything be more stupid than politics?

If there is one man in Europe who has won golden opinions as a man of peace in the last few months it is M. Daladier. His Government in France has fallen, and he is taken into the new Government: as the *Minister for War!*

## Two Men in the Gutter

EX-PRIVATE JOHN WARD, D.C.M., M.M., Unemployed, wandered down Market Street, Manchester, the other day, wishing someone could make use of his work as in those war days which seemed so far away.

Suddenly he noticed a figure from those days standing in the gutter, an ill-clad, unhappy-looking fellow selling matches; but John Ward, D.C.M., recognised him as his old sergeant, Jerry Hogan, V.C.

They had a long chat together, and the ex-private learned that eye trouble due to a war injury had lost the sergeant the only job he had been able to get in recent years.

The rest of the crowd went hurrying by, but what a terrible indictment of the Peace which is no Peace were these two men in the gutter, signalled out for honour in the war, but cast aside in peace.

## The Butcher of Stonehenge

A SOMERSET butcher has been fined ten shillings for scratching on a stone of Stonehenge the name of Ernest Reginald Gilson in letters seven inches high which could be read 30 yards away.

We hope some Somerset baker will give the butcher the biscuit for the silliest advertisement ever known. Since we found an idiot scratching his name on Winchester Cathedral we have not come upon a more stupid example of the folly of ignorant mankind.

## Let Him Be Content

IN this world he who possesses a morsel of bread and some nest in which to shelter himself, who is master or slave of no man—let that man be content.

## The Shores of Paradise

The darkness came to hurry off the light:

*Your day is done; make room for me, the Night.*

I will not hurry, said the Sunset Sky.

I will be glorious before I die.

Come, fetch my loveliest robe of gold and red,

My jewels and my crown, the Sunset said.

Then all the world looked up into the skies

Thinking they saw the shores of Paradise.

Marjorie Wilson

## Tip-Cat

MANY horses are simply eating their heads off, says a writer. He thinks they only need a bit.

A SPEAKER tells us that palmy days are coming. When we shall all be up to date?

BABY cars are being made smaller than ever. But they are growing in popularity.

PEOPLE stay in bed too long nowadays, says an old lady. The rising generation doesn't believe in early rising.

## Peter Puck Wants to Know



If railway porters try to improve their station

THE modern girl does not know how to sit or stand. Yet she doesn't take things lying down.

SOMEONE says that children should be automatically polite. Not when they are wound up.

BOYS like a free fight. But one of them usually pays for it.

A CELEBRATED landscape painter admits that

he put a flock of birds in his picture as an afterthought. A flight of imagination.

A WOMAN has written an article on the human hair. The editor made her cut it.

MANY beauty spots have been discovered from the air. You just drop on them.

## THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

ANOTHER cotton mill, at Hadfield near Glossop, has started work again after three empty years.

FIFTY years ago Jesse Boot opened a shop at Nottingham; his widow, Lady Trent, has now opened the rooath branch.

AN old couple at Birkenhead, having received a legacy, have returned to the town £125 received in relief.

## JUST AN IDEA

*Life isn't cruel. It hurts, but it heals the hurt. If you let it have its way with you it brings peace and happiness in the end.*

## Travellers

WE have come far; it seems that we were sent Upon this journey. Let us pause today

A little while (too long we cannot stay)

And hold some converse as we set our tent.

WHAT of the night? There are dark tracts behind, And dark and hidden is the path before.

Pitfalls are there, and we've beside the door.

Who bade us start? What came we out to find?

It seems that on some quest which has no name,

To seek some flower in the wilderness,

Some beauty, haply too some holiness,

With no clear knowledge what it is, we came.

BEHIND us and in front the way is long.

Shall we not here, before our feet are bent

On journeying forth, light up each scattered tent;

And greet each fellow traveller with a song? Marjorie Wilson

## When the King Went To Parliament

By Our Town Girl

Parliament is opening again, and our Town Girl remembers the day when the King opened it in State.

WHEN the King went to Parliament,

In a golden coach went he, With eight bay horses

All in livery.

A SILVER Stick in Waiting,

A Gold Stick too,

A Keeper of the Purse—it was

A fairy tale come true.

THERE were Guardsmen and equeuries;

Each coachman wore a wig

(They held me shoulder high

because

I wasn't very big).

THE King was in his grandest robes;

The Queen she wore a crown,

And far away we heard the bells

Peal over London Town.

WHEN the King drove back from Parliament

We still were there to see,

And though I waved like anything

He didn't notice me.

## The Man of Life Upright

The man of life upright, Whose cheerful mind is free From weight of impious deeds And yoke of vanity;

That man needs neither towers

Nor armour for defence,

Nor vaults his guilt to shroud

From thunder's violence.

Thomas Campion



## BORDER TROUBLES ROUND GERMANY NAZI-ISM INTERFERES

### Perils Before the Democratic State of Czecho-Slovakia

#### BILL TO CONTROL PARTIES

A little more than a month ago the Government of Czecho-Slovakia proscribed its German National Socialist party and its German National party because they considered that their activities were hostile to the interests of the State.

The Government has since brought forward a Bill to legalise this action and to strengthen its hands in dealing with such Opposition parties as the Communists, the Czech Fascists, and the Hungarian parties. Under this Bill a party may be dissolved, any enterprise associated with it may be forbidden, party newspapers may be prohibited, and the mandates of its representatives in Parliament may be cancelled.

#### A Reluctant Measure

This Bill is the reluctant measure of a Republic whose Constitution is as democratic as any in Europe. Formed from the ramshackle Austrian Empire a fortnight before the Armistice was signed, a National Assembly of the people of Bohemia, Moravia, Silesia, and Slovakia met at Prague three days after the Armistice and declared their new State to be a Republic with Professor Masaryk as its President.

Both Chambers are elected by universal suffrage on proportional representation, though a citizen must be 26 to vote for the Senate.

Out of a population of 15 millions over three millions are of German race, while half a million are Russians; and there are over 100,000 Hungarians and many Poles. There has, however, been no discrimination by the Slav majority against the other races, and we find in both Senate and Chamber a proportionate number of Germans and other races.

#### Origin of the Nazi Movement

The present trouble is intensified by the German claim at Geneva to supervise the spiritual development of German-speaking citizens of other States.

As a matter of fact, the Nazi movement, with its anti-Semitism and its dislike of Parliamentary government, had its origin among the Germans of Bohemia and Moravia in the days before the war, and out of 70 German representatives in the first National Assembly five were National Socialists. This small party was in close touch with Hitler in those days, and the pagan swastika decorated its banners, while its followers put on uniforms. With the growing power of Hitler in Germany a semi-military organisation disguised as a sports club began to drill with smuggled weapons. The Coalition stepped in and the leaders were tried for treason against the Republic and sentenced to imprisonment.

#### A Great Fear

Many of the members of this "club" have entered Germany and enrolled in a legion formed in German border towns, just as the Austrian Nazis have done.

Shortly before their party was dissolved they tried to get the German Agricultural party and the German Christian Socialists in Czecho-Slovakia to unite with them, but these loyal members of the Republic refused to do so; as did, of course, the German Social Democrats, who have 21 representatives in the Chamber.

It was this loyal support which encouraged the Government to hold its hand, but there was a great fear that an aggressive minority stopping at nothing would bring down the democratic institutions which are so admirable a feature of this liberty-loving State. There is little doubt that its freely-elected Parliament will pass the new Bill.

## A BONNET FROM THE NATIONAL GALLERY

A FRIEND of the C.N. was sitting the other day on a bench in the gardens of Lincoln's Inn Fields watching the babies and prams, the tiny portions of human stories (corners broken off dramas and romances and lost scraps of life's jig-saw puzzle) which can be discovered in any kind of public place in any great city.

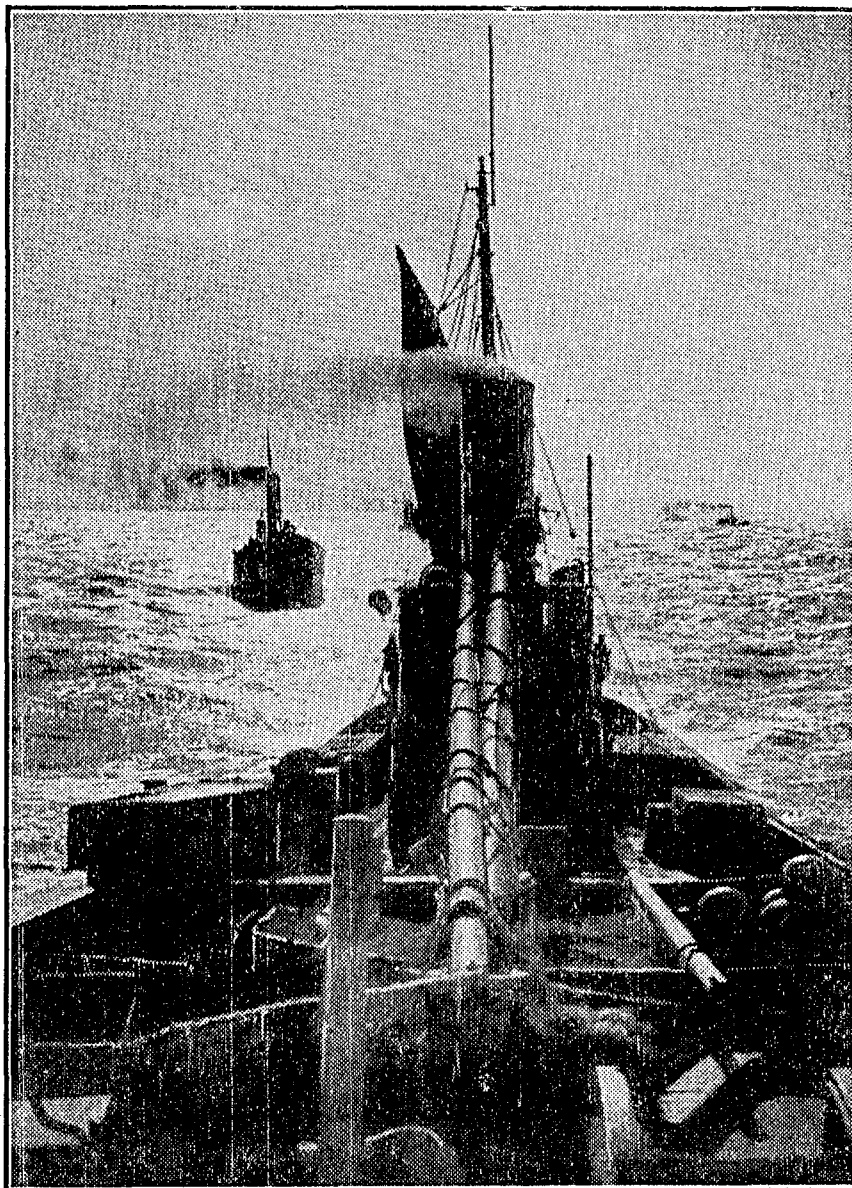
A tired and careworn-looking woman pushed her pram up to this particular seat and sat down. In the pram was what most prams contain—a bundle of sweetness in the form of a baby girl wearing a little tight-fitting bonnet, beautifully made though of cheap lace,

with a quaint, old-world look about it. In fact, our friend admired it audibly.

"Well," said the mother, "I was in the National Gallery the other day, Miss, and I saw a baby girl in one of the pictures wearing ever such a pretty lace bonnet, just like this one. I thought I'd like my little girl to have one, so I bought some lace and made her one."

So to that green square hidden among London's grey houses the spirit of a great artist long ago had come through the appreciation of a poor mother, and a little scrap of beauty stood all alone on an atom of the eternal jig-saw puzzle.

## DAWN IN THE NORTH SEA



This picture was taken on a Yarmouth drifter when, after a night's work on the fishing-grounds, the fleet was steaming off with big catches of herrings.

## THANK GOD FOR A LITTER LOUT

THE C.N. has never tired of its crusade against litter, but now we are thankful for a piece of litter. Once, just once, someone did a good deed by leaving a paper bag and a bottle behind after his picnic.

Tatiana Tchernavin was the daughter of a Liberal professor. She worked in the Russian Ministry of Education, and she married a professor of zoology. At the end of 1930 her husband was arrested as a "wrecker," and was told that unless he signed a confession his wife would be arrested too. He refused to say he had done things he had not done.

The wife was arrested. Then the husband was told that unless he confessed she would be sentenced to ten years penal servitude, their son would be sent to a colony for homeless children, and he himself would be shot.

The boy was delicate, and the thought of what he would suffer without mother or father to protect him was an agony.

At last the wife was released. She found work, saved, and got permission to visit her husband in one of the penal settlements on the White Sea. Then they managed to escape.

Father, mother, and delicate boy had a long journey through the Arctic swamps and forests, harassed continually by the terror of being caught.

One day they came upon a paper bag and an empty bottle left by some careless picnicker. Never before had such a sight brought such joy. They could have laughed and cried with relief. They knew now that they could not be in Russia any longer, because in Bolshevik Russia paper and bottles are treasures! There is no litter, because Russians are too poor to throw anything away.

The Tchernavins were safe in Finland. In her book *Escape From the Soviets* (Hamish Hamilton, 7s 6d) she says this is the first time a whole family has escaped from one of the penal settlements.

## THE CHANGING DOLLAR

### PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S NEW MOVE

#### Value of the Dollar To Change With the Price of Gold

#### A REVOLUTIONARY IDEA

President Roosevelt has announced his Money Policy. It may be shortly stated thus:

1. American prices are to be raised to the level of 1926.

2. Prices thus raised are to be maintained at a constant level by adopting the plan of a Variable Gold Dollar.

Can this be done? Only experiment can show, for of all things the vagaries of money are the least controllable.

The Roosevelt Plan, however, can claim a good parentage. It is that of the well-known American economist Professor Irving Fisher, who has advocated it in books well known to thoughtful people all over the world.

#### Curbing Gold Variations

Let us try to understand it.

Gold varies in supply from time to time. Therefore, if we value all other things in gold (if we adopt a gold standard of price) the prices of commodities must move up or down as the gold supply varies. We may briefly put it thus:

*More Gold means cheaper gold and higher prices for goods.*

*Less Gold means dearer gold and lower prices for goods.*

That is why gold prices fell so disastrously. The monopolisation of the world's gold by a few countries caused a practical scarcity of gold in normal use, and therefore the gold prices of commodities fell, making trade difficult or impossible.

This gold variation is no new thing. It has happened again and again, but the slump of 1929 was of a specially severe character and scope.

#### The Fisher Remedy

What Professor Fisher proposed, and what President Roosevelt is to try out, is to vary the gold content of the dollar as gold varies in supply.

The gold variation is to be measured by the run of commodity prices, the measurement being made by constructing an Index Number representative of the chief commodities.

An Index Number is measured in percentages of a standard period. Thus, if 1926 prices be represented by 100, the prices of any other period are stated as percentages of the level of 1926.

*If prices move down, the amount of gold in the dollar is reduced, so that the dollar buys less. That means raising dollar prices.*

*If prices move up, the amount of gold in the dollar is increased, so that the dollar buys more. That means reducing dollar prices.*

Therefore, Professor Fisher argues, prices can be kept steady by his Variable Dollar. And so Mr Roosevelt thinks.

#### Rubber Dollar

The enemies of the variable dollar, and they are many, call it the Rubber Dollar. Mr Roosevelt, however, is contemptuous of ridicule. American politics are far more childish than our own.

As for the foreign exchanges, the President proposes to control the price of the dollar abroad (that is, the quantity of foreign currencies that can be bought with the variable dollar) by dealings in gold in the world market.

President Roosevelt is a bold man, and he still retains the confidence of his countrymen. His money move is a drastic one, and it will be watched with intense interest everywhere.



## SOMETHING HAPPENS IN UMTALI

### Wild Elephants in Suburbia

Life in an English suburb is proverbially peaceful, where nothing momentous is ever supposed to happen.

A herd of wild elephants, for instance, does not suddenly appear in its midst; but not so in South Africa.

It was the fierce bush fires that drove a herd of wild elephants into the suburbs of Umtali in Rhodesia, and at first the rightful inhabitants were somewhat scared. But the police put a cordon round the elephant area, and as the animals seemed quite quiet a large crowd of curious onlookers gradually accumulated to the sound of the clicking of cameras.

But the suburb did not want to be permanently elephant-ridden, and so six trained elephants were borrowed from a travelling circus and sent to persuade their wild brethren to leave peaceably.

Instead of retiring, however, the wild elephants charged the circus elephants and then proceeded to charge the sight-seers as well, and a grand stampede of suburbanites followed.

Finally the fire that had brought the elephants was used to drive them away, the police setting alight the suburb's own stretch of bush.

### THE LITTER LOU OF PICCADILLY CIRCUS

*The more we see of some men the better we like some dogs.*

If all people were as well trained as a certain dog we happened to come across the other day in London there would be no need to spend large sums each year in sweeping the streets after the Litter Lou.

The dog's master was talking to a friend close to Piccadilly Circus and the dog was patiently waiting. It was a busy hour and many people were coming and going, among them a member of the Society of Litter Louts who, in passing, dropped his piece of crumpled paper on the pavement and hurried on.

Out of the corner of his eye the dog's master saw the piece of paper and, as was evidently his custom, casually pointed toward it with his stick. In a moment the dog had picked it up. Another slight indication of the stick and he had trotted to a litter-bin near by, perched on his hind legs, and deposited the paper in the place designed for it.

### TREASURE ON THE BEACH

Many people living near Milford Beach, a New Zealand seaside resort at Auckland, joined in a treasure hunt after the coast had been lashed by an easterly gale in September.

Heavy seas breaking on the beach exposed coins lost by holiday-makers months before, and at once the search for treasure trove began.

One young man found coins amounting to £1 5s. Another searcher found a diamond ring of considerable value, and another discovered a gold signet ring.

More than a hundred people were seen at one time searching the sands, some equipped with rakes, shovels, and sieves.

### ELECTRIC FIRES FOR PIGLETS

Little pigs are likely to have a real cosy time if the idea of warming them with electric fires, originating at Preston in Lancashire, comes into general use.

A well-known pig-breeder in Preston has found that pigs born in wintry weather are far more likely to survive and grow into good fat animals if they are kept warm and dry when very young. The electrically-warmed pigsties have, in fact, proved such a success that the system has just been publicly recommended to other pig-breeders.

## A NEW INSURANCE SCHEME?

### The Chancellor's Idea

Unemployment Insurance is again to be revised. Details are not yet available, but the Chancellor of the Exchequer has given us a general outline of the contemplated legislation. He lays down certain principal objects:

To bring as many employable people as possible within the scheme of insurance;

To abolish the anomaly of treating men differently because some are insured and some are not;

To keep alive in the mind of every unemployed man that he will obtain work again;

To make the scheme self-supporting, so that it shall not have to borrow or to need deficiency grants from the State.

Much of this is admirable, but we do not quite know how an unemployment insurance scheme is to be made self-supporting.

Such unemployment as that caused by the war cannot be measured in advance, and therefore insurance contributions cannot be determined in advance, to provide against wholesale disaster. If very big contributions were exacted in advance, neither the workers nor their employers could afford them. As it is, of course, the insurance of the poor can only pay its way with the help of the whole nation.

### SECOND FIVE-YEAR PLAN IN RUSSIA

This is the first year of the Second Russian Five-Year Plan, and it is claimed that on the whole the results are encouraging.

In agriculture many more tractors are at work and greater areas cultivated. The reports speak of harvests greater than those of 1932, and autumn sowings are also said to be very good.

In industry the reports are variable, but solid progress seems to have been achieved in many directions. There must be great difficulty in training a backward people to work in modern conditions.

It is notable that M. Herriot was greatly impressed by his recent visit to Russia. He is full of praise for the gigantic works and experiments, and for the fine new cities like Kharkov. He says the Russian problems have been treated with too much passion on both sides, but he cannot but affirm that Russia is tending to become a Power of a strength equal to the United States.

### THE FIRST THIRTEEN

These are the 13 L.N.E.R. stations judged in a recent competition to have the smartest staff, the best-arranged advertisements, the prettiest gardens, and the cleanest look:

Aldeburgh, Suffolk  
Bellingham, Northumberland  
Elsenham, Essex  
Evenwood, Durham  
Goldsborough, Yorkshire  
Helensburgh, Dumbarton  
Saughall, Cheshire  
Staveley Town, Durham  
St Monans, Fife  
Thornton Dale, Yorkshire  
Torphins, Aberdeenshire  
Willoughby, Lincolnshire  
Woodhall, Lincolnshire

### TURNING A ROAD FOR A BUILDING

Great progress will soon be made in the extension of the Monsanto Chemical Works at Cefn in Denbighshire, a road being diverted so that new buildings may be erected.

The sum of £250,000 is now to be spent, and electric power for the new and old works will be available from a power-house which has cost £70,000 and has just been completed. When the new buildings are ready for occupation there will be work for many more people in this world-famous firm.

## THE SAND GIVES UP ITS SECRETS

### Relics of 400 B.C.

A brooch worn by a woman 400 years B.C. during the Iron Age has been discovered during private excavations on the Merthyr Mawr Warren, between Newton and the Ogmore River on the Glamorganshire seaboard. The brooch belongs to the La Tene Period, and only 28 of them have been found, this being the first discovered in Wales.

Never before have there been any suspicions of Iron Age man having lived in this neighbourhood, but the link with Somersetshire is an easy one. There the Iron Age man left many traces, for he established himself there. Across the Bristol Channel is only a distance of 17 miles, and in those days the island chain may have been a pathway across.

The whole neighbourhood for many miles round is sand dunes under which are buried many villages and towns, hamlets and farms. Man in this district has been fleeing from the sand that has been blown in from the sea. Now the sand is being blown away from the dunes, and the present discoveries began with the chance findings of arrowheads. The protecting sand of 2000 years is now giving up its secrets.

### WILL THERE BE NO MORE SKYSCRAPERS?

Motor-cars and aeroplanes, underground and overhead railways, seem to have threatened the American skyscraper with extinction.

It was stated the other day at the American Institute of Architects that skyscrapers will not be built again for many a long day; perhaps never.

These tremendously high buildings have resulted in very high rents, making offices and buildings so costly that in bad times the burden of them is too great. Then, again, thousands of people want to get away from the building about six o'clock in the evening, and much time is lost in transportation.

Easier means of traffic to outlying places have brought about a general exodus of the people, and it looks as though in a few years America will have buildings much like the rest of the world, with a tired working population getting out into the country for their well-earned evening's recreation and sleep.

### HURRAH FOR FRENCH SCHOOL TEACHERS

The French Minister of Education recently threatened to take action against all who carried on propaganda in the schools against military service.

The National School Teachers Union replied that the teachers will continue to preach peace in school and out "without a thought of conforming to the rules laid down by armament manufacturers and their representatives."

The Union claim their right to strike if the Government refuses to consider their demands.

### THE LAND AND THE HEARTH

We are so accustomed to reading about the large numbers of boys and girls who pass into offices and neglect landwork and domesticity that it is pleasant to find that in New South Wales 22 per cent of the boys recently leaving school have entered pastoral and agricultural employment, and only 12 per cent entered the overfilled ranks of clerks. Of girls 5 per cent went to offices, and 78 per cent helped in homes.

It was not so five years ago.

### A BOY'S BOOK

A magnificent new book which will bring joy to the heart of a boy is the Modern Boy's Book of Engineering, dealing with the romance of the world's great engineering feats. There are photographs and drawings and four colour plates, and the price is 7s 6d.

## A WORD TO THE ROAD HOGS

### Finland Silences Their Horns

Only the careful driver realises how seldom it is necessary to startle people with a hoot of the horn.

We would like all road hogs to be sent to Finland for a while, where hooting is prohibited in the chief towns except under urgent necessity.

By this means Finland is attempting to bring down the number of accidents, and in Helsingfors the statistics already show a decrease of 46 per cent.

The reason is obvious. The road hog blows his horn and, having done that, goes full tilt ahead. If somebody gets in the way after he has hooted—well, that somebody is to blame and not he. So the road hog argues.

These inconsiderate drivers seem to have muddled up the objects of a horn with the old idea of a herald to clear the way. Hoot! they go, hoot, toot! like some royal personage for whom all must step aside.

We have ourselves recently seen a cripple hobble hurriedly back from the middle of the road on to the pavement because someone in a car 200 yards farther down the Thames Embankment was hooting to him to hurry up. If the driver had had the good manners to draw up a little, the cripple need not have had to start his journey across the road all over again.

### THE FAME OF RICHARD TREVITHICK

The Trevithick Centenary Commemoration Committee has collected sufficient money to proceed with memorials worthy of Trevithick, the pioneer of the locomotive. Three memorials are to be built.

At his birthplace in the parish of Illogan in Cornwall, where he was born in 1771, a tablet is to be placed.

The monument at Merthyr Tydfil, where Trevithick experimented with the locomotive and conveyed the trucks, is not agreed upon, but the suggestion is to build a monument out of the stone blocks taken from the old railroad over which the Penydarren locomotive drew its train in 1804.

A memorial for London is one of Trevithick's London locomotives of 1808, to be erected in the precinct of University College. It was near here that the catch-me-who-can locomotive ran its course on a circular track.

### AN ANIMAL BOOK

*Velvet Paws and Shiny Eyes.* By Carol Cassidy Cole. Hodder and Stoughton. 5s.

A happy Christmas is in store for thousands of boys and girls this year, for we can safely prophesy that Santa Claus is laying in a big stock of copies of this delightful animal book.

There are many illustrations, and several cardboard pictures of Mr Owl, Mr Frog, Mr Woodpecker, and so on, which can be taken out of pockets provided for them and made to stand up on the table.

They will make more interesting still a book which is sure to interest all children on its own account.

### NO MIRROR

In one of the new books there is a touching true story of a poor old widow woman living in a remote corner of Ireland some years ago.

A lady was struck by the weather-beaten old face, and wanted to make a portrait of the widow, who consented.

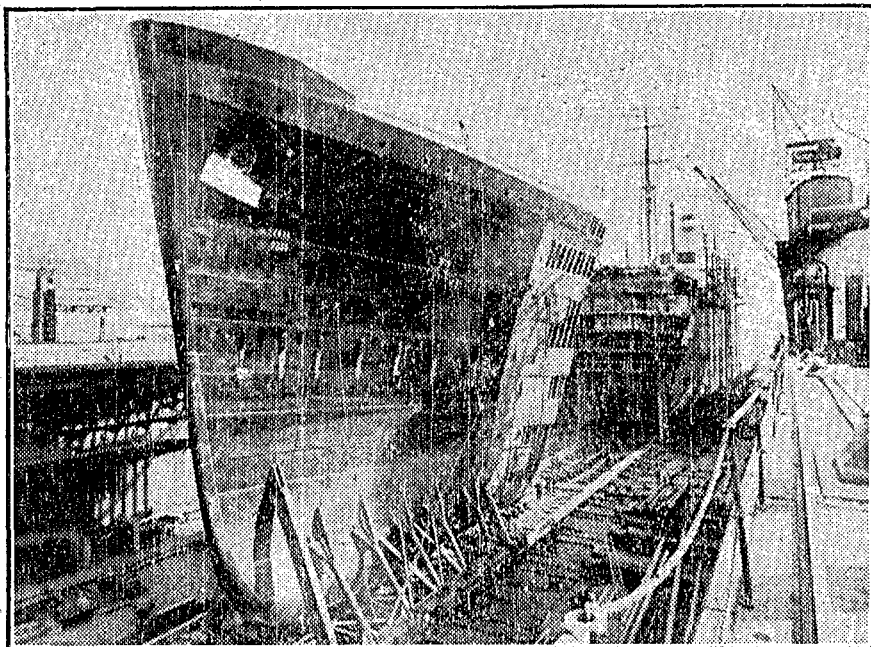
When it was done the old woman saw it for the first time, and burst into tears.

The artist asked in distress why she was crying?

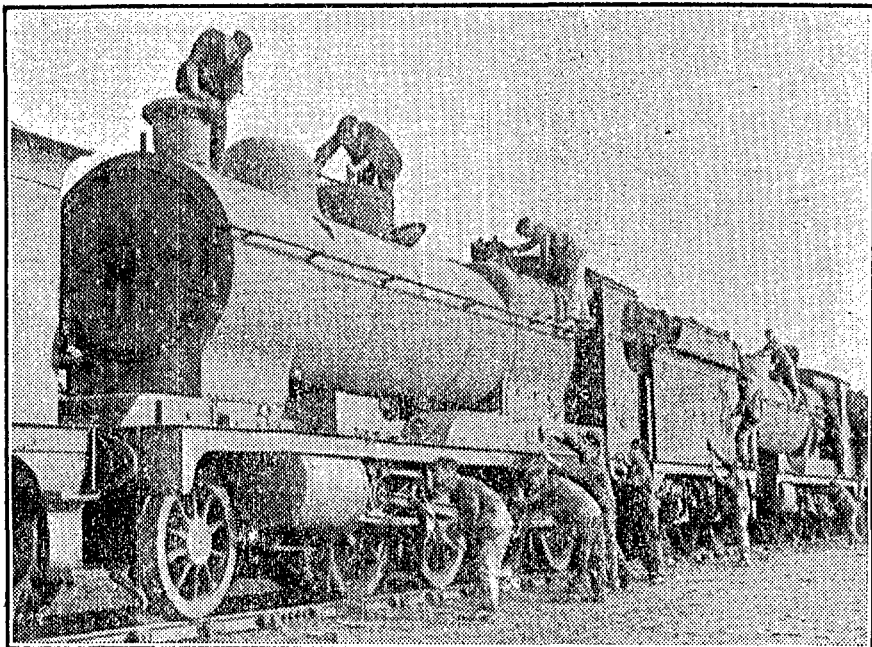
The old woman replied that she had not seen herself since she was 17.



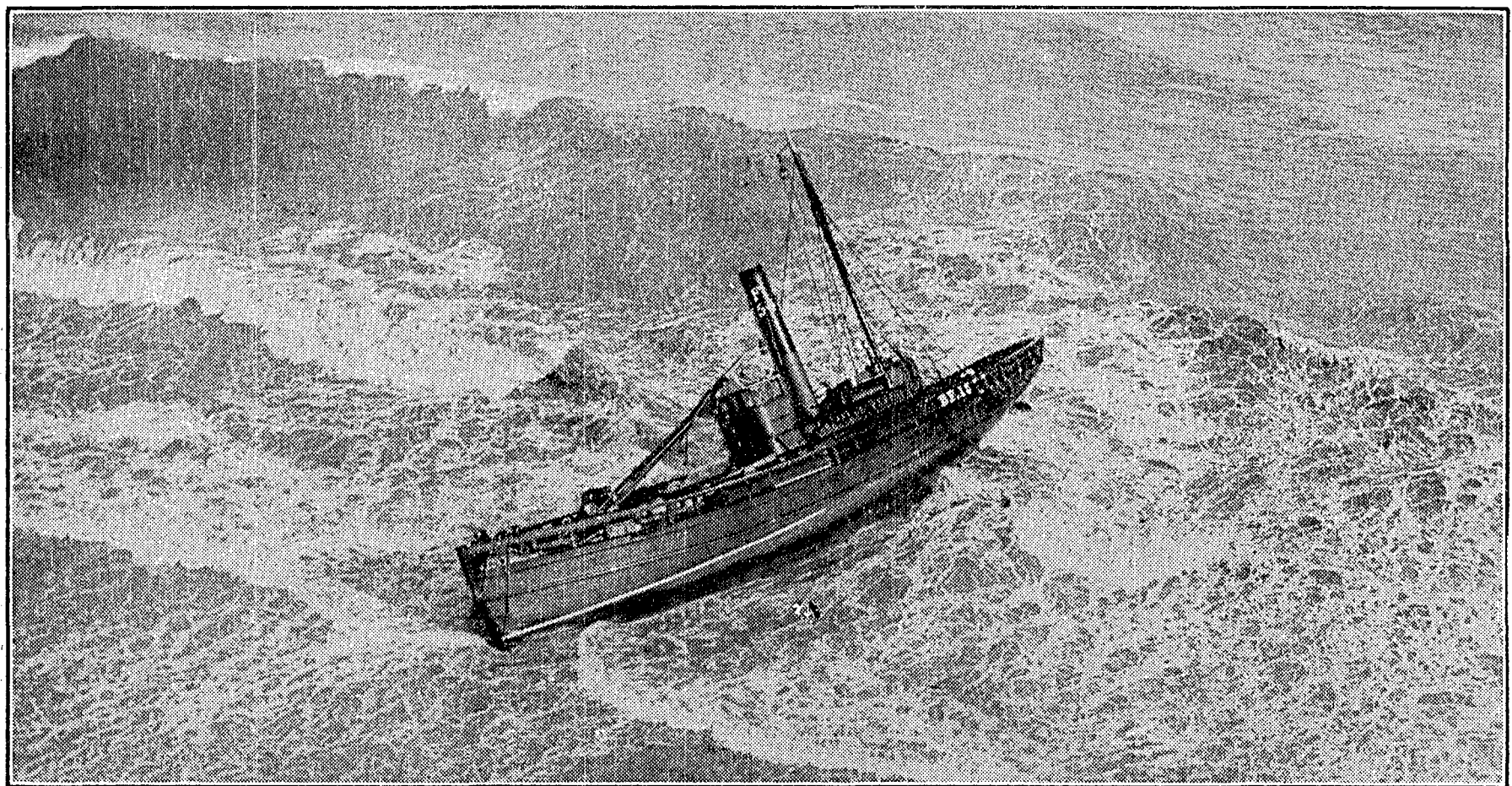
# MAKING A LINER LONGER • SHIPWRECK • DRAGON'S WINTER QUARTERS



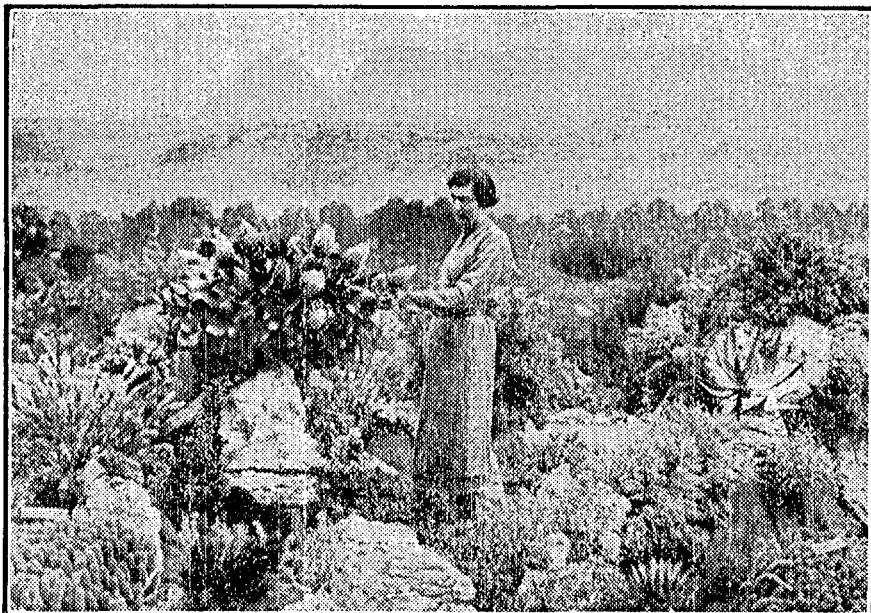
**Lengthening a Liner**—Four Hamburg-Amerika liners are being made 40 feet longer. This picture shows how the ship is cut in two and a new section is built in.



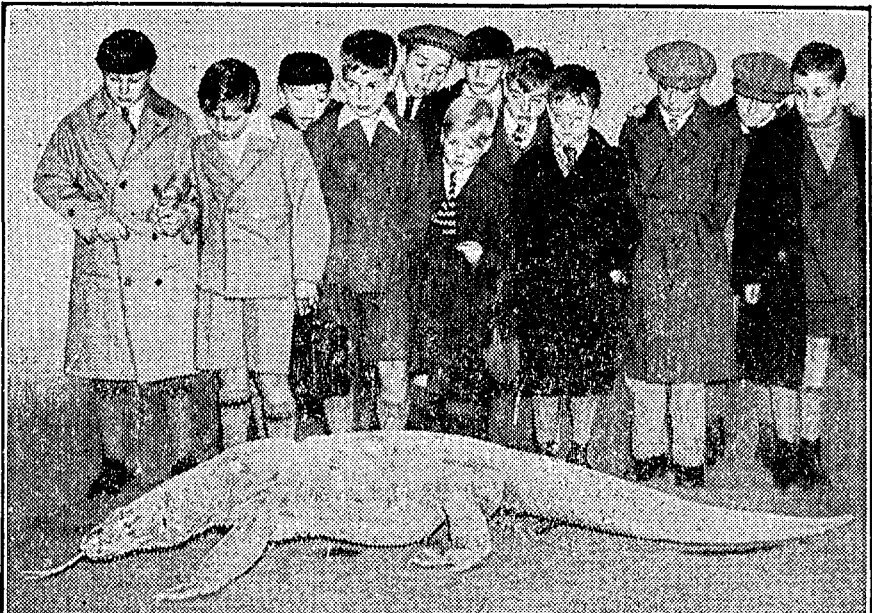
**Back to Work**—L.N.E.R. engines which had been coated in tallow and laid up at the Doncaster locomotive works are now being cleaned and brought back into service.



**Driven Ashore**—An airman flying along the East Coast took this picture of a drifter which was driven on to the beach at Great Yarmouth by a gale.



**South Africa in London**—This representative group of South African flowers and plants, with a painted background of Table Mountain, was on view at the Horticultural Hall.



**Dragon's Winter Quarters**—The Komodo dragon at the London Zoo, which has been in the habit of taking walks in the open air, has now retired to the Reptile House for the winter.



## NEW FACTS ABOUT THE OCTOPUS

### HOW IT TRAPS ITS PREY AND REARS ITS YOUNG

#### A Weird Cousin of the Snail and the Shellfish

#### A DEVOTED MOTHER

There are few more terrifying inhabitants of land or sea than the octopus.

This weird creature has been described in poetry and prose from the time of Homer. Dr Boulenger, curator of the delightful aquarium in the London Zoo, has been calling attention to some recent investigations into its habits.

The octopus is a mollusc, a cousin of the snail in our garden and the shellfish on our shores, but with its power of rapid movement, its fierceness, and its carnivorous habits it is dreaded by almost every other creature of the deep.

Unlike other molluscs the octopus has good eyesight, and the fact that its eye, which in giant species is over a foot wide, is never closed increases its terrifying appearance. Its eight arms, sometimes more than 40 feet long, are covered with formidable suckers which give them a tremendous grip on their prey.

#### A Remarkable Memory

The octopus is cunning and has a remarkable memory. A French lady, Jeannette Power, saw one in her aquarium holding a stone as it watched a seaweed open its fan-like shells. Immediately the mollusc had opened them wide the octopus inserted the stone between the valves, thus preventing the seaweed from clapping them together again. Then it proceeded to devour its victim at leisure.

The curator of an aquarium at Jersey kept many an octopus in large wire enclosures under natural conditions in deep rock gulleys. He saw one deliberately kill a rockfish, place it where it would attract passing crabs, and then hide itself in its lair to await the approach of its favourite food. When a crab approached it unrolled an arm and caught its victim by the tip of a tentacle.

The most recent information about the octopus to which Dr Boulenger calls attention comes from Australia, where two scientists have been observing their courtship and incubation habits in a tank. The eggs are fertilised by one of the arms of the octopus which separates from its body and lives independently.

#### The Baby Octopods

When the eggs, dark brown in colour, were laid they were hung separately on the wall of the tank, looking like long, narrow bean pods. There they hung for a month, with the mother sitting with her back to them, her long arms turned over them, while she ejected from her syphon pipe, normally used in swimming, a continual stream of fresh water over them, first from one side and then from the other. At the end of a month out popped the baby octopods, little miniatures of their parents, able to fend for themselves. Their mother, exhausted by her devoted task, collapsed and died.

It is not yet definitely known whether the mother always dies at the end of the period of incubation or whether the abnormal conditions in an aquarium were the cause in this case, but this care for the young is quite remarkable.

## THE ONLY ROCK TO BUILD ON

By Sir Arthur Salter

Mere pacifism will not save us from war, but deliver us to it as helpless victims; security by national armaments in a world of seven Great Powers is an arithmetical impossibility.

A rebuilt and strengthened collective system, the League and Kellogg Pact working together, is the only foundation of peace for the modern world.

## A SHIP OF PEACE

### Settling a Great Quarrel

From Our League Correspondent

The Conte Biancamano sailed from Genoa in the middle of October having on board the British and Italian members of the League Commission which is to keep the peace in the Chaco.

There is little publicity about this quiet departure, yet it is a signal triumph for the League. Two countries of South America, Bolivia and Paraguay, have been fighting for many months, Paraguay ready to make peace, Bolivia determined to win what she wanted and rejecting all offers of settlement.

Many hands have had a finger in this pie. The United States tried to bring about an agreement, so did the neighbouring South American States; but they all failed, and it was to the League Council that the unhappy affair again came back, with the result that the Conte Biancamano is now on the high seas bearing its mission of peace.

The good ship called at Villafranche to pick up the French member of the Commission and also the members of the League Secretariat who are to give their help; then at Barcelona it took on board the Spanish member. The Mexican has a shorter journey to make and will join them at their destination. The British member is our well-known General Robertson.

We feel that flags ought to fly mast-high from this ship of peace to proclaim to all that there is a new way in the world of settling quarrels.

## A MINUTE'S SILENCE FOR J. K.

### The Saddest Children's Hour

The B.B.C. Children's Hour, usually the gayest hour of the day, was the saddest the other day when the announcer was heard to say:

*Children, I am dreadfully sorry to tell you that J. K. died this morning. We feel that the Citizens of Toytown cannot act for you this afternoon, although we also feel that J. K. would have wished them to carry on. Instead, we are going to play a little of the Spanish music that he loved so well.*

"J. K. would have liked that," he added, after one of the gramophone records had been played.

J. K. was John Kettlewell, and John Kettlewell, a bachelor of 40, was a man of many parts, his most delightful coming out when he was put in charge, a year and a half ago, of the Children's Hour. He was the inventor of Toytown, and made it as real a place to his thousands of young listeners as any he had found in his own wanderings about the Earth. For he was a great traveller and an excellent linguist.

Spain was his love. He knew the country intimately and had studied her history. This is why he would have liked so much better than any funeral march those snatches of Spanish airs played for him during the Children's Hour. When the music had ended there was a minute's silence, during which all his adopted nephews and nieces remembered J. K.

## COLONEL CHARLES CHAPLIN

Mr Charlie Chaplin has paid another visit to his tailor, not the purveyor of costumes for the pictures this time, but a real pukka tailor who prides himself on military uniforms.

For the famous strutter on the stage may henceforward on occasions of State don the uniform of a Colonel of the National Guard and wear a sword which he must on no account trip over. In a word Mr Charles Chaplin has been made an Honorary Colonel of the army by the Governor of Kentucky! We look forward to seeing his photograph in his new garb; but we hope it is not part of some little scheme to re-arm America and steal a march on the Disarmament Conference.

## G.H.Q. OF THE BOOK WORLD

### A National Library Index

Another derelict corner of London has been tidied up, and with a noble building too, a sort of G.H.Q. of the intellectual world.

It is Malet Place, where the King and Queen opened the new headquarters of the National Central Library on November 7. Until lately one of the chief blots in Bloomsbury, the dirty-white brick walls of an unfinished warehouse rose like a cliff above a waste space filled with shabby army huts.

Now Mr Carnegie's magic wand has been at work, and all that is changed. The huts have been removed, and there is a neat courtyard, which is to be planted with trees and made gay with flower-beds. The shell of the warehouse has been built into the new headquarters.

#### Dormitories Transformed

It was easy to adapt the building, which has many long rooms, some of which were once dormitories for shop assistants. Others in the lower part of the building were used as stables for van horses, and these are now filled with volumes of the great library catalogue, which will soon include the names of books belonging to most of our libraries in England and Wales. There is also room at the new headquarters for more than a million books.

The National Central Library is the keystone of our libraries, linking them together so that a wonderful interchange of books is now possible. In future any reader, wherever he may be in any part of the country, will be able to obtain almost any book he needs. More than 220 regional libraries and 130 outer libraries have joined this scheme of mutual assistance.

#### Over a Million Entries

Steady progress is being made in compiling the great catalogue. A year ago there were only 720,000 entries; today the number is over a million. Soon it will be possible to locate in a few minutes books and magazines belonging to London and Borough libraries, regional, and outer libraries all over the country.

In the outer libraries alone there are more than five million books, and of these cards have been made for only 65,000 volumes. About 90,000 periodicals in university libraries have now been entered. The value of this guide to the whereabouts of periodical literature has been recognised by the Carnegie Trustees, who have granted £2500 so that it may be published.

## ELECTRICAL MAGIC

### Fine Example of St Pancras

When they rehouse a working family at St Pancras (one of the London boroughs) they make it a present in the shape of an all-electric dwelling. It is a splendid example of how to do things.

Provision is made for lighting, cooking, heating, and water-heating by electricity. The tenants hire all the necessary apparatus for the small sum of 13s a quarter. For this they get a cooking-stove, a fire, an electric iron, a kettle, and a 10-gallon copper, all maintained in good order by the authority. Current is a halfpenny a unit.

Cheaply as the borough sells its electricity, it makes a fine profit, the last financial year showing a nice balance of nearly £14,000.

What St Pancras can do all the country can do. Let us have one price for electricity everywhere, and that a low price. We need boldness of imagination and large-scale planning. Science has given us electricity; let us use it. Why are so many of our people without the use and comfort of so great an aid to civilised existence?

## TOO MANY OBSOLETE FACTORIES

### What the Treasury Might Do

## A GOOD WAY OF HELPING OUR INDUSTRIES

From a Special Correspondent

The growth of British industry in the South is equipped with many splendid factories, in which the latest machinery is installed and where work is carried on in ideal conditions.

In the Midlands and the North, however, there still remain many factories and workshops that are equipped with obsolete engines and machinery, and where the workers are cramped for room behind inadequate windows.

Slum dwellings are a topic of everyday comment; but we have to realise that there are thousands of workplaces which handicap in health and output all who are condemned to labour in them.

To rebuild or modernise or recondition such works would add greatly to British wealth and health.

#### The New Industrial South

Factories like those of the new English industrial South, models of their kind, are to be found in Germany, France, Italy, Czechoslovakia, Scandinavia, and Russia. We owe it to ourselves not to lag behind where once we led.

The fact that we were pioneers in machine industry leaves us today with far too much pioneer equipment. The old gear must be scrapped if we are to hold our own.

It might be worth the while of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, wholly or in part, to untax and unrate industrial improvements for a period of, say, three or five years. The loss of revenue might be more than made up by the gain in revenue from new income.

There is also the question of monetary difficulty. How are the factory owners to raise the necessary capital? Here the banks should give aid, placing cheap money at the disposal of industry. The Treasury might well confer with the great banks on this matter.

## WITH THE BIBLE IN FRANCE

### A Lecturer's Delight

A friend of the C.N. was staying at the little Breton village of Tremel when the Paris Director of our Bible Society was touring France.

He was to give a lantern lecture in the Evangelical church. So happy are the relations between Protestants and Roman Catholics in Tremel that the priest said he would do nothing to prevent his parishioners going to the lecture.

So the church was almost full to welcome the Director, who journeyed farther the next day, leaving happy memories behind him; but there was a delightful sequel to his visit.

On the Sunday following the C.N. friend went with the children for their afternoon walk. Down beside the railway they rested, in a field golden with broom. Suddenly a well-known sound was heard. "A train!" shouted many voices, and all the children rushed to the fence and waved frantically as the Paris express thundered past.

At breakfast two mornings later the schoolmistress had a letter from the Director. He said he had very much enjoyed his short stay at Tremel and was particularly delighted to have had such a lovely send-off on his return. "You can imagine how pleased I was," he wrote, "to see all the school lined up and waving to me as I passed on my return to Paris."

The school has decided that it would be a pity to tell the good lecturer that this extra farewell was accidental, and we beg the Director not to read this.



## THE LEONIDS

### NEXT WEEK'S DISPLAY

#### Earth in a Stream of Meteors 2000 Million Miles Long

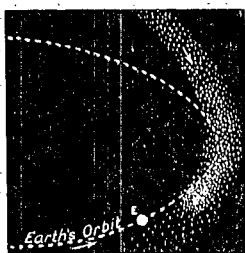
### FRAGMENTS OF A FAMOUS COMET

By the C.N. Astronomer

Next week the famous Leonid meteors are expected to provide us with an exceptional display.

The 33-year period has now passed during which only relatively few are observed each year at about this time, and our world may next week pass into the denser nucleus of this great meteor swarm. If it does so, and it happens to be night-time over our half of the globe when it occurs, we shall have a splendid spectacle of thousands of radiant meteors hurtling to destruction in our world's atmosphere.

The display is expected to take place some time between November 15 and 17, though a few Leonids will doubtless be seen before and after these dates. These are outlying members of the main nucleus, a number of which are certain to appear. None is likely to be seen much before 11 o'clock, when the point from which they appear to radiate in the constellation of Leo is low in the north-east and near the horizon. Later on this point will rise higher and veer round to the south-east, when many more meteors will be observed, but this will be long after midnight.



The Earth in her orbit (shown in perspective) approaching the Leonid meteor stream and its nucleus

The best time to look is in the early morning, between 4 and 5 o'clock, when Leo is high up in the south and the meteors will be approaching the Earth head-on, as it were, and appearing to radiate from this point in every direction.

The absence of the Moon is a very great advantage, and we only need clear skies to be sure of some reward for our vigil. In the grand displays of 1866, 1833, and 1799 many millions were observed, as many as 200,000 an hour appearing over some areas. There is much doubt of any such repetition this time, for at their last anticipated return, in 1899 or 1900, the display was very poor, though there was some improvement in the early morning of November 15, 1901.

Something had happened to affect them, and so the Earth missed the densest part of the cluster and came in at the tail-end, so to speak, in 1901. It is thought that it was the gravitational attraction of either Jupiter or Saturn that perturbed their course. This extends as a vast oval for over 2000 million miles to far beyond the orbit of Uranus.

### 40 Miles a Second

Each meteor, though it may be no larger than a cricket ball, a marble, or even a grain of sand, travels from that remote region with constantly accelerating speed toward the Sun and Earth's orbit, where their speed approaches 22 miles a second; and as our world is then travelling toward them at about 18½ miles a second the resultant apparent speed at which they ignite is about 40 miles a second.

They appear when between 70 and 80 miles above the Earth's surface, usually disappearing when between 30 and 40 miles above it. They are speedily burned up in consequence of the incandescence generated by the friction through the air, very few reaching the ground in solid masses, but only as dust. Such meteors become part of the Earth, never returning to the vicinity of Uranus; and so vanishes further fragments of Tempel's Comet of 1866, the year of the last great display. G. F. M.

## C.N. Questions ABOUT MUSIC

We have asked our Music Correspondent to answer a few questions from time to time.

### What is an Octave?

An octave is eight tones above or below any given sound.

At the time of the Greeks a musical scale had only eight sounds, though now there are 12 notes, called semitones, in between any note and its octave.

Old-fashioned ways of tuning musical instruments were so complicated that a composition only sounded well in a few keys. Bach put an end to all that, for he wanted to make music that would sound well in any scale. What is called Equal Temperament, or Tuning, then came into existence, and meant that between a note and its octave there were 1200 vibrations, each semitone containing 100.

There have been one or two attempts to alter Equal Temperament to get another sound in between the present ones. At Prague there is a school of Quarter-tone Music. But nothing much has been done, because the human ear refuses to deal with these strange additional sounds.

### What is Counterpoint?

In the early days of music notes were called points, so counterpoint means note against note.

If you sing The Mulberry Bush while somebody else is singing Lassies and Lads the result is counterpoint.

An early Christian monk named Hucbald discovered that two different notes could be sung together and still make music. Later a third voice was added, and finally a fourth.

During the Middle Ages the making of music became a positive science; many of the scholars who wrote it down were not musical. It was Bach who rescued counterpoint and made it a live thing.

There are five kinds of counterpoint, but the easiest to understand is Canon, where a melody sung by one voice is taken up by another, later by a third and a fourth one.

Ears have to be well trained to hear the many strands of music woven into a modern orchestral work.

### What is an Orchestra?

A space in the Greek theatres, between the stage and the audience, where dancers played the lyre to the words of the play.

Although orchestras still sit in the same place as the Greek musicians did we have lost all trace of their music. Some kind of orchestra existed in Edward the Fourth's time, and in Elizabeth's reign there were 40 instrumental players. Most of the music was written for voices, but soon instrumental music became popular, and a different kind of music was written for each new instrument.

By Haydn's time (1750) orchestras had to be divided into four groups, Strings, Wood-wind, Brass-wind, and Percussion, as they are now. A composer of today uses his orchestra of 100 players very much as a painter uses his palette, but he uses beautiful sounds to paint his moods of sadness or gaiety.

### What is a Gavotte?

A dance invented by the French family Gavot, who lived in Dauphiné. It was one of the stately Court dances, popular in the 17th and 18th centuries, which a lady danced with a gentleman, who lightly held her finger-tips. The movements were rather slow.

Most composers of that time wrote gavottes, and all seem agreed that there shall be four beats to a bar and that you begin on the third beat.

A gavotte has two distinct parts and each of them repeats itself. Sometimes it is written with a drone bass going on below; then it is called a Musette.

You can still see gavottes danced if you go to hear Mozart's opera Don Juan, but nobody has the floor space or the time for such stateliness in these days.

## BEDTIME AT THE ZOO

### APES AFRAID OF MICE

### Travelling Arrangements For King Cobras From Malaya

### HOT-WATER BOTTLES FOR TWO

By Our Zoo Correspondent

Bedtime in the summer is not a noticeable event at the Zoo, as the Gardens remain open until 8 o'clock and the animals are in no hurry to retire for the night. But now that dusk falls early and chilly nights make straw bedding a necessity, most of the inmates are either in bed or preparing for bed before the last of their visitors has departed, and so a number of little bedtime rituals have become apparent.

The apes make a fuss about their bedmaking, and insist on arranging the straw in their own way. One chimpanzee, Jimmie, makes a great show of searching his sleeping-box to make sure that there are no mice hiding in it. For, though Jimmie is prepared to fight creatures much bigger than himself, he is terrified of mice, and one night he found a mouse in his bed and was reduced to a state of abject terror.

### Protected From Rats

Jack has a layer of wire-netting over the bars of his sleeping-den to protect him from rats. At one time this chimpanzee used to howl bitterly when put to bed, and it was discovered that he was afraid of the rats which raided his exhibition den at night to collect his leavings. He now retires to his bedroom on the word of command willingly enough, but never settles until all the visitors have departed. He will sit at the grating watching them going to the gates, and whenever he sees anyone he knows he calls out until he gets the reply "Good-night, Jack."

Once again the deadly king cobra is well represented at the Zoo, for an exceptionally fine pair of these snakes have arrived from Malaya.

### In a Dangerous Mood

One of them is 12½ feet long. Both arrived at the Reptile House in a lively and dangerous frame of mind, for arrangements had been made to keep them warm and comfortable during their voyage. Each was packed in a box which contained a "hot-water bottle," and as these were changed every three hours the reptiles ran no risk of being upset by changes of temperature.

They arrived in excellent condition and began at once to take a keen but unfriendly interest in their visitors, attacking the glass partition of their cage with such violence that the barrier had to be reinforced with an additional inner layer of glass.

### WHO WAS JENNY LIND?

Born Stockholm, October 6, 1820.  
Died Malvern, November 2, 1887.

Jenny Lind was one of the world's great singers, and she never forgot that she belonged to Sweden—is she not still called the Swedish Nightingale?

But her greatest triumphs were in England, and she made it her home. In England she established scholarships and founded charities, and in England (at Malvern) she died, mourned by many nations. She dedicated her voice to all good causes. A tour in America brought her £35,000, and she spent it in endowing charities and musical scholarships in the country in which she had been born in a humble home. Profoundly religious, she was as much beloved for her goodness as she was admired for her wonderful soprano voice. Queen Victoria once accompanied her on the piano.

### BISHOP OF THE ARCTIC

A new diocese is being created bigger than any in existence. It stretches right across Northern Canada.

The new Bishop will be the Venerable A. L. Fleming, Archdeacon of the Arctic.



## "I do love 'Ovaltine'"

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Edited by Sir J. A. Hammerton  
To be completed in 52 Weekly Parts.

As we look around the world today and marvel at the many astonishing changes which discovery has brought about, with such bewildering speed, we seldom spare a thought for the glories of other ages. For this reason, therefore, the publication of "WONDERS OF THE PAST" is both timely and appropriate. Prepared under the editorship of Sir J. A. Hammerton, this great work is of superlative interest and is richly illustrated with a magnificent series of photographs and drawings.

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T. A. Joyce

## THE GREAT SHRINES OF SICILY

F. N. Pryce, M.A.

## A STONE-AGE "POMPEII" IN THE ORKNEYS

Lewis Spence, F.R.A.I.

## THE AMAZING RICHES OF TUTANKHAMEN

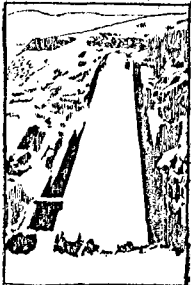
Prof. T. Eric Peet

## MARVELS OF PERSEPOLIS AND ITS PALACES

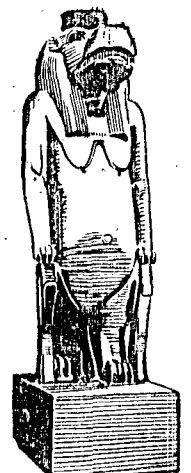
Lewis Spence, F.R.A.I.

A Pageant of  
Antiquity in  
PHOTO-PICTURE  
and STORY

PART 2  
On Sale  
TODAY



Do you know that Cleopatra's Needle was hammered in one piece out of an Egyptian quarry like this with small balls of stone?



Do you know why the Ancient Egyptians worshipped scores of gods like this?



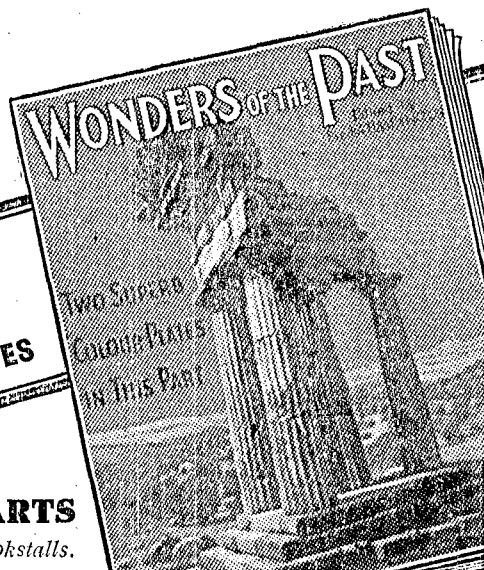
Do you know that this Temple, as big as St. Paul's Cathedral, was hewn from the living rock as it stood?

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## FOUR LOST STATUES

### Discovery of Grinling Gibbons Treasures

A statue by Grinling Gibbons is a treasure, and it is strange to think that London could mislay four such treasures for hundreds of years.

Yet that is what she has done, according to Mr Arthur Bolton, Curator of Sir John Soane's Museum.

In the 17th century a little chapel was added to Whitehall Palace. Wren was the architect, and Grinling Gibbons helped to adorn it. John Evelyn wrote on December 29, 1686: "Nothing can be finer than the magnificent marble work and architecture at the end, where are four statues, representing St John, St Peter, St Paul, and the Church, in white marble, the work of Mr Gibbons, with the carving and pillars of exquisite art and great cost."

Roman Catholic services were held in this superb chapel. After James fled and the Protestant William of Orange came to the throne the chapel was dismantled, and much of the fine work was stored at Hampton Court. The great retables was afterwards given to Westminster Abbey by Queen Anne, but there is no record of what happened to the statues.

Now they have been almost certainly identified as four weatherworn and battered figures in College Garden at Westminster. Hands may be missing and noses chipped, but there are spirit and grace and strength in the figures yet. Grinling Gibbons must have been proud of his children.

Evelyn seems to have made a mistake in calling one of the figures St John. They are now said to represent Saints Peter, Paul, Faith, and the Church.

## THE OWL AND THE CAR

### A Country Experience By Night

A travelling correspondent who has been motoring in Suffolk sends us this note of a queer experience she had with an owl.

On a beautiful summer night, with the stars shining brilliantly, the air warm and still, we were driving quietly along a cart-road when suddenly from under the front wheels of the car rose a tawny owl. Huge it looked in the glare of the headlights as it passed through their light into the darkness.

We were just as surprised to see the owl as the owl was annoyed to see us, and we drove on wondering what prey it had found so close to the road.

Suddenly from behind came the swish of wings, and the owl passed within an inch of our heads. A little alarmed, I accelerated the engine, only to find that the bird had returned to attack us. At both times it came through the darkness at our backs, passing so close to our heads that we felt the rush of air past us as it swooped. By this time, however, we had gathered speed and were travelling too fast to be caught by the infuriated bird.

## BRAVO, NURSE

Mrs Annie Hoare is a nurse, and we can be sure that she never goes into a patient's house without making everyone feel cheerful and hopeful.

The other day she was knocked off her bicycle by a motor-lorry near the Askew Arms, Shepherd's Bush, and her right foot was almost-cut off. It remained jammed in the wreckage of her bicycle, and for more than half an hour people were unable to set her free.

All that time she was conscious and perfectly cheerful. There was not one cry of pain.

She made sensible suggestions to the crowd and gave the telephone number of the ambulance brigade.

This brave woman is 50. We wish her a speedy recovery.

## ANOTHER WORLD

### CHAMPION

### Great Swim of Pat the Laundry Horse

If Pat, the laundry van horse, desired fame he certainly got it.

He recently swam from Sandwich to Ramsgate, and the next day the papers gave more space to him than if he had been a girl swimmer crossing the Channel. Journalists hurried down to interview him, photographers got him to pose, and the film people looked upon him as a new star.

All this must have been very pleasant to Pat after eight inconspicuous years with a laundry van. Whether it was the old habit of taking things to the wash we do not know, but Pat walked calmly into the sea one evening, swam about a bit, and then landed with a view to exploring fresh ground. When they ran up to catch him Pat took to the sea again, and he was still swimming about happily when his pursuers lost him in the night.

The next morning he was found still swimming, and a motor-boat was sent to chase him to land. There, instead of sinking exhausted on the shore at Ramsgate, Pat, fresh as a sprat, went off at a canter and gave his pursuers another chase before he agreed to go home.

As befitted the hero of such a magnificent record, he was taken home in a private motor-box: and instead of the scolding he probably expected for being out all night he found nothing but praise and endearments. No longer was he a little known member of the Laundry Van Business; he was the World's Champion Swimming Horse.

## A CRY FROM GUATEMALA

Please send a League expert to our country at the earliest possible date.

Minister of Foreign Affairs, Guatemala

About the beginning of last month this request came to the League of Nations. The Foreign Minister of Guatemala had been having conversations with a League official visiting the country and, having heard from him of the services rendered by the League to other States, promptly wrote off this letter to the Guatemalan delegate in Geneva that he should put it before the Secretary-General without delay.

The expert is needed "to study and organise the fiscal system"; in other words, to recommend what taxes should be paid, who should pay them, and how they should be collected. Guatemala will thus have the services of the most highly-qualified official, knowing all the various methods of taxation and choosing that most suited to that particular country.

This is the first time that such a request has come from South America, and doubtless it will not be the last.

## OPTIMISTS ALL

### Cheerful Spirits Get Together

On the basis that it is the cheerful spirit that pulls through Mr Shaun P. O'Connor has founded a League of Optimists.

At the opening dinner (held appropriately at the Comedy Restaurant) the moans of the pessimists of last century were quoted to show that even a pessimist is not always right.

The C.N. published many of these sayings a little while ago, pointing out that in 1848 Lord Shaftesbury announced that "nothing can save the British Empire from shipwreck"; while what Disraeli said in 1849 was that "in industry, commerce, and agriculture there is no hope."

The C.N. hopes it may be considered an honorary member of this League of Optimists, for never have we lost heart. How can we when every day brings news of good things done and some good progress made?



# THE THREE CHIMNEYS

Serial Story by  
Gunby Hadath

## CHAPTER 15 Thinking It Out

PAUL waited, then lifted his voice again in a shout, till presently a call sounded in reply, and round the point a figure came into sight, leaping recklessly from rock to rock in its haste.

It was Esther.  
She was barefooted like himself, and her breath was coming in gasp after gasp when she reached him.

"I heard you call out," she said, panting. "What's happened? What's the matter? Why did you call out?"

In a few hurried words he told her what had occurred and pointed to the shattered boulder at his feet. "That's the second one," he said. "The first was a closer shave."

Her face turned as pale as his own had done a few moments since. "It might have killed you if it had hit you," she uttered.

"Not it," said Paul, forcing a laugh. For now that the shock was passing he felt sorry for giving her such a fright and wanted to reassure her. "No, it couldn't have hurt a cast-iron skull like mine."

"Then why did you shout so?"  
"To see if there was anyone up on the cliff."

"And is there? Was there?"

"No. At least I could see nobody."

"Paul," she said in a shaken voice, "it would have killed you. You know that as well as I do so why pretend? Oh, come away from here—oh, quick," she persisted.

And when he had obediently followed her back round the point and they were come to his big dump of seaweed she made him sit down on one of the flat slabs of rock, and sitting beside him she dropped her hand on his knee and regarded him with a very thoughtful expression.

"Paul?" she said in a whisper, though no one was near. "Paul! I wonder if it was nothing but a pure accident?"

He looked surprised. "Why, of course," he said.

"But I don't see how those boulders could crash down of their own accord."

"Well, no," he agreed. "They must have had some sort of push first."

"And they fell right on top of you. One after the other. Exactly as if they'd—been aimed—at you," she said, faltering.

"Ah, but that's exactly where the accident came in," he smiled. "Half a second. I'll tell you. You know the top of that cliff?"

She nodded.

"Well, then, you know the top is all thick short grass right up to the edge, with big chunks of limestone lying about here and there."

"But those chunks of stone don't launch themselves down the cliff. Stones don't get up and walk, Paul."

"No, but sheep do," he said, still smiling at her persistence. "Don't forget how sheep stray from the moor and come grazing along there. And don't forget what fierce winds we've been having, Esther. I figure that some of those boulders get blown close to the edge—"

"And then," she interrupted, "enter the sheep."

"Exactly!" said Paul. "Two or three of the jugginses stray and are nibbling away when they suddenly find themselves too near the edge. They're terrified. They scramble about to save themselves and kick down the boulders. That's the likeliest explanation I can see, Esther."

"Paul, did you actually see any sheep on the top?"

"When I was shouting and staring up afterwards? No, I did not. But it would be too late then. They'd gone scampering with their hearts in their mouths, or wherever a sheep's heart goes, after a fright. Besides, you can't see over the cliff from below."

"No," she admitted, "you can't. But isn't it queer that you should be sitting bang underneath it at that moment?"

"A fluke!" laughed Paul. "That's just how sheer accidents do happen."

She turned this over in silence. "Well, now," she began again, "you've given me your explanation; listen to mine. I say those boulders were pushed down deliberately. They weren't kicked down by a sheep. They were rolled down on purpose to kill you."

It seemed obvious that she was taking the thing far too seriously, but he didn't want to hurt her feelings by laughing. So instead he answered lightly, "Oh, let's chuck it now, Esther," and was jumping to his feet when she pulled him down again.

"No, wait while I tell you how I work it out," she commanded. "Anyone coming from St Tregarthen, as you know very

well, can walk right round the headland by that footpath along the top of the cliff."

"It's a much longer way than cutting across the moor, Esther."

"Yes, it is. But it's jolly. That's why the visitors to St Tregarthen like it so much. They have the sea in view all the way, and they can gaze at the Three Chimneys."

Paul began to look more attentive.

"Yes? Well?" he uttered.

"Well, I think that some stranger of that sort was coming along, and went to the edge and looked right over, as they often do—"

"To squint down at the rocks. Yes?"

"When, Paul, he caught sight of you sitting right underneath him he couldn't resist the temptation to roll the stones down. First he probably lifted them up, and carried them one by one in his arms—"

"He'd need to be strong," grunted Paul.

"He must have been, naturally. He carried them both to the edge first. And then gave a push."

Paul was staring, all eyes.

"Then all I can say is, he must have been bang off his head, Esther."

Esther nodded. "Yes, that's almost certain," she said. "Only a lunatic would do such a dangerous thing, and a lunatic might not realise how dangerous it was. So, either way, you see, my notion fits in."

"The idea being," said Paul, "that he just thought he'd give me a start."

"Yes. Then your shouting frightened him and he bolted."

Paul thought a moment. "I daresay you're right," he acknowledged.

"I am always right," said Esther, with her first smile.

"At any rate, your notion knocks out my sheep."

"Your silly old sheep!" she scoffed, recovering her spirits. "Those stones were pushed down by a person's hands. That's a certainty." Then, "Oh, Paul!"

she cried out, "I wonder what they'll say when you get back and tell them."

"Who's they?" said Paul, jumping up.

"How very dense some people are," she answered demurely.

"Oh, I see. Your mysterious they mean my guardian and Trencher. But you don't suppose I'm going to tell them? Not I."

"You're not!"

"No, I'm not. And you're not to breathe a word either. Why, my guardian would have a fit if it came to his ears, Esther! Seriously," Paul insisted, with rising concern, "it would make my guardian frightfully anxious to hear of it. The old boy's heart's none too good; it might bowl him right out even. You see, whether the thing was my fault, or whether it wasn't, the fact remains that I nearly got myself killed; and if once my guardian knew that he'd feel uneasy every time I come down to these rocks by myself. He'll think I can't look after myself."

"Did he know you were coming out for seaweed this morning?"

"He did. And he sent down word by Trencher that I was to mind and be very careful." A smile of recollection parted Paul's lips. "Trencher was attending Felix upstairs. I suppose he'd told the old boy I was going for seaweed. For he came down, and 'Mr Felix Rim's compliments, sir,' he said, 'and he trusts you'll take care not to break your neck on the rocks.'"

Paul laughed and picked up his bag. And, much amused still, he beckoned Esther to give him a hand.

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Continued on the next page

Garland





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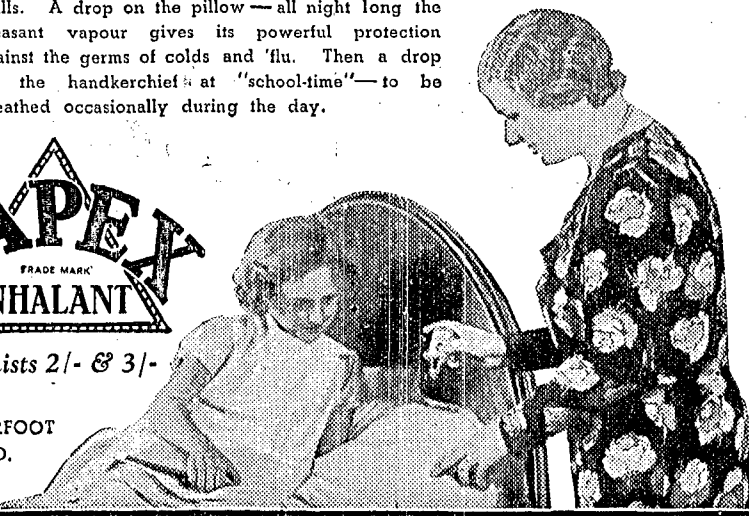
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turned with a box of matches and sealing-wax and an unused candle in one of the tall silver candlesticks. He struck a match, lighted the candle, let the wax drip. Felix Rim pressed his signet ring on the wax.

"There, Trencher," he sighed as he finished. "Now, get along and see that it catches the post."

Trencher picked up the letter and went from the room with it.

A speck of wax had spilled upon the highly-polished table. With a heavier sigh Felix scraped at this with his finger-nail and went on silently till the spot was removed, as though Paul's presence had utterly gone from his mind. Then he dusted his fingers delicately with his handkerchief. And at last, looking up, said abruptly:

"Ah, but don't forget that sealing-wax costs money, Paul. That clumsy fellow, Trencher, is wasting our money."

Paul felt stupefied. He could only smile feebly. Fancy talking like that about one speck of wax!

"You think I'm not serious," the old gentleman said with a smile. Then he drew a deeper sigh and looked at Paul kindly. "It's this horrible question of money I want to discuss with you. That letter I've been writing—do you know whom it's to, Paul?"

"No, of course not, sir," stammered Paul.

"I feared you might not. It's to the Grammar School at St Tregarthen, my dear lad."

Paul waited in mild curiosity. Then he said: "But I could have taken the letter on Monday, sir."

"No," rejoined Felix Rim, with that odd, puzzling look, "no, Paul. I'm afraid you could hardly take it on Monday." He paused to remove his spectacles, and after withdrawing a fragment of polishing cloth from their case he breathed upon the lenses and rubbed them very slowly with the cloth before restoring them to his nose. And there stood Paul on tenterhooks all the time.

"No, you couldn't very well take my letter with you on Monday, my dear lad; not very well, I'm afraid," the old gentleman repeated.

Paul felt fogged. Was the letter so private, then? Was it so particular that he couldn't be trusted with it? Or so urgent that it couldn't wait for two days?

"Oh, I see, sir," he uttered, in a voice that betrayed his bewilderment.

"I fear me you don't see," his guardian rejoined very gently. "The fact is that you will not be going to the Grammar School on Monday."

Paul started. "I'm to wait a few days!" he exclaimed.

Felix Rim compressed his lips. "A great many days, Paul. A great many days. You have finished, dear lad, with the Grammar School."

"Finished with it!" Paul gaped.

"Yes; you're not going back there."

Then Paul saw light. "I'm to go somewhere else, sir?" he cried.

But the light was a false light. Felix Rim shook his head. "No," he answered.

Had the old gentleman been playing with him all the time, as a cat plays with a mouse? Paul couldn't believe so, for the fluty voice had been so gentle throughout and the very vivid eyes were full of so much sympathy.

"I shall miss it," he breathed.

"Yes," said Felix, passing a hand through his white, silvery locks, "it distresses me to have to break such poor news. But it's this terrible question of ways and means, my dear lad. I can't afford to keep you any longer at school. Now you understand what my letter was about, don't you? And I slipped in a cheque to atone for the usual notice."

"Yes, I saw you put a slip of paper in," Paul uttered.

As a matter of fact, he scarcely knew that he'd spoken; he felt too numbed, and his world seemed all upside down. Hannah and Cyrus gone. The Grammar School gone. Underneath the strong, independent lad standing there, with his steady face and calm manner, was a suddenly very lonely person indeed who felt as if he had been carried to some strange, silent, prison-house, the walls of which were gradually closing upon him.

"A penny for your thoughts," said Felix Rim sharply.

"They're not worth it, sir."

"You were thinking that you'll have to make out with me. Well, you will, my dear lad. We must see what an old man can teach you."

TO BE CONTINUED

## JACKO GREETS HIS UNCLE

MOTHER JACKO's long-lost brother was coming from a far-off country to stay with the Jackos.

Now, Uncle Chimpo had become a very rich and important man, and the Jackos all put on their best clothes and made great preparations for his coming. He was to arrive in his grand car, driven by his haughty chauffeur.

"Just like him," answered Mother Jacko; "he was always very generous."

"He's a bit late," said Father Jacko, looking at his watch.

All at once Baby exclaimed "Where's Jacko?" "Nobody had missed him."

"Go and look for him, Baby," said Mother Jacko.

But Baby could find him nowhere.



Jacko stepped out in a lordly way

"When Uncle comes mind you behave yourself," said Jacko's father. "Remember, it is very important."

"D'you mean I am important?" asked Jacko cheekily.

"Good gracious, he'll hardly look at such a little silly!" said Adolphus.

"He'll look at me before he looks at you," Jacko answered.

Adolphus didn't deign to answer such a remark, but walked off in disgust.

At last the great day came, and the Jacko family lined up by the front door, waiting for Uncle Chimpo's appearance.

"Fancy his saying in his letter that he was bringing you and me a present," Big Sister Belinda said to Mother Jacko.

"Oh, well, it's the young booby's own fault," said Adolphus. "He's probably up to mischief."

Suddenly a car swung round the corner and drew up at the house. Out of the window looked Uncle Chimpo.

All the family began waving a welcome, and then they stopped with surprise. There sitting by Uncle's side, as though he were the Duke of Monkeyville, was Jacko!

"Smart lad!" chuckled Uncle as he alighted. "I was so glad to see him standing in the road, holding up his hand, about a mile back."

Jacko chuckled too, as he stepped out in a lordly way.



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AND NON-ALCOHOLIC.

**POST FREE.** This case contains three trial bottles of Mason's Wine Essences, Ginger, Orange and Black Currant. Each bottle contains enough essence to make a full size bottle of delicious wine. The case will be sent post free to all who send name and address and 8d. to:

**NEWBALL & MASON Ltd., NOTTINGHAM**  
Cut out this coupon and post to-day.

**COUPON**

I enclose 8d. in stamps and would like to sample your Ginger, Orange and Black Currant Wine Essences.

Name.....  
Address.....

**50,000 BREAKFASTS**  
Free, Ample, Satisfying, supplied each winter to hungry East End Children. Remember the little ones. 3d. pays for ONE meal. 25/- for 100.  
How many may we entertain as your guests?  
R.S.V.P. to THE REV. PERCY INESON, Supt.  
**EAST END MISSION,**  
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"Children's" PEN COUPON, Value 3d.  
**CUT THIS OUT.** Send 5 of these coupons with only 3/- (and 2d. stamp) direct to Fleet Pen Co., 119, Fleet St., E.C.4, for a handsome Lever Self-filling FLEET PEN, with **SOLID GOLD NIB** (Fine, Medium or Broad).  
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The sole charge is the price you would pay for the books in a shop.

## THERE ARE SPLENDID PRIZES

that you can win in the monthly competitions which are open to all members.

## WRITE NOW

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IN REPLYING TO ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION "THE CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER."



**"It's Bengel time for Mother before Baby arrives."**

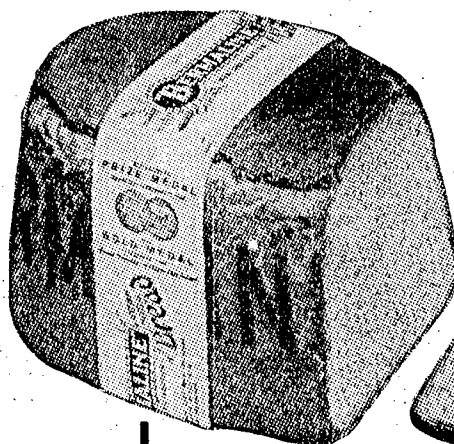


Mothers are invited to apply for the interesting and informative Booklet of Benger's Food, full of helpful hints. Post free from Benger's Food, Ltd., Otter Works, Manchester.

**If it's CREMONA it's good! Toffee!**  
Try "RED BOY" Chocolate Assortment

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XICR PACKET. 5 SPAIN, COLOMBIA, 10 ABYSSINIA 7. 10 AIRMAILS 6d. XICR PACKET. 17 LIECHTENSTEIN, 5 TANNOUTOUAGI 21 CHILI 9d. Stamp Packets—the value is unforgettable. Don't buy elsewhere before seeing these. In case of difficulty, write to T. CLIFFE, COLWYN BAY.



**Easiest to digest**

# Bermaline Bread

"BERMALINE" is prepared for easy digestion, and it provides great nourishment with the least demand on the digestive system. Its flavour is delicious.



Arthur Mee's  
HEROES  
Sixpence every Friday

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

November 11, 1933

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's  
HEROES  
Sixpence every Friday

## THE BRAN TUB

### Collecting Stamps

JACK had a packet of foreign stamps, and Dick had an album containing 35.

Jack's stamps numbered as many less than Dick's as half Jack's packet was more than a third of it. How many stamps had Jack?

Answer next week

### Official

A CALIFORNIAN wanted to know how far a frog can jump, so he wrote to the United States Commerce Department's Bureau of Fisheries.

The reply was that a normal frog under normal conditions can leap three feet; under deep emotion, five feet; and under deep emotion with firm footing, six feet.

### Next Week in the Countryside

THE note of the bunting ceases. Wood-pigeons begin to collect in flocks. The teal arrives. Titmice are drawing near to houses. The leaves of the larch turn yellow and fall. The birch, beech, oak, hazel, and Lombardy poplar, are now quite stripped of their leaves.

### What Am I?

SEARCH Nature's storehouse, summon all your art, If you this wondrous secret would impart. Various my size, and different in my hue; As ermine, I am white; as ether, blue; Yellow and brown and green, my forms are seen, And many other colours too, I ween. Nor am I to one element confined, Earth, air, and water too, produce my kind.

Answer next week

### Newfoundland History

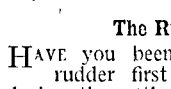
THE Newfoundland Post Office has just issued a set of 14 stamps commemorating the annexation of Newfoundland by Sir Humphrey Gilbert in August, 1583. The stamp illustrated here shows



him formally occupying the island, and other values show Queen Elizabeth, Eton College, and various incidents in Sir Humphrey Gilbert's life.

### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Jupiter is in the East. In the evening Venus and Mars are in the South-West, Saturn is in the South, and Uranus in the South-East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 7 a.m. on Sunday, November 12.



### The Rudder

HAVE you been told that the rudder first came into use during the 14th century? That is true so far as the Western world is concerned, but the Chinese are said to have been using rudders similar to those on our ships today hundreds of years earlier.

### Living Near the South Pole

THE nearest point to the South Pole permanently inhabited is in the South Orkneys, a small group of islands far to the south-east of the southern end of South America. These islands are almost in the same latitude as the northern tip of Graham Land, which is part of the Antarctic Continent.

On one of the South Orkneys there is an observation station,

with wireless equipment for broadcasting weather conditions, maintained by the Argentine Government. To this island a ship comes once a year to bring supplies and to replace personnel.

### Ici On Parle Français



La locomotive roule sur les rails. Fox fonda la secte des quakers. Rentrons, la pluie tombe à verse.

### For a Damp Cellar

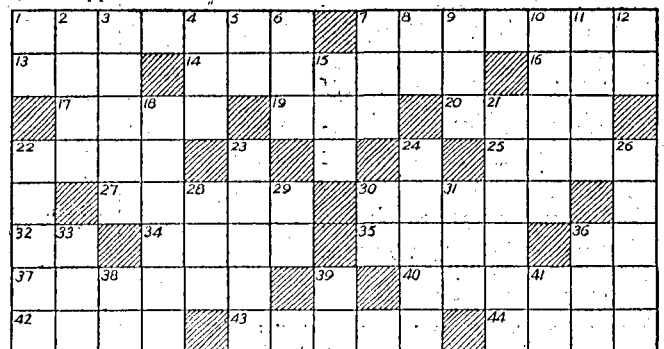
A GOOD remedy for a damp cellar is to place in it a box of unslaked lime. The moisture will then be absorbed by the lime if the cellar is not too wet.

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Capital	Tangled Names
A £20 0 0	Simple Simon
B £1406 13 4	Baby Bunting
C £553 6 8	Polly Flinders
D £3320 0 0	Humpty Dumpty
£5000 0 0	Mother Hubbard
Puzzle Acrostic	A Flock of Geese
B o B	Bought 25 geese
L i E	at 5s each and meant
A i R	to ask 6s 3d each for
C a R	20 of them.
K e Y	

### The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 49 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues which appear below.



**Reading Across.** 1. Ancient Egyptian writing material. 7. Zealous. 13. To mimic. 14. Customarily. 16. Latitude.\* 17. A branch broken from a tree. 19. Nothing. 20. Dark. 22. To despatch. 25. Not closed. 27. A vessel. 30. County. 32. Denotes continuity. 34. Unpolluted. 35. Found in the desert. 36. Conjunction. 37. Cloth leg-covering. 40. Squeezes and presses. 42. Terminates. 43. A number of animals driven in a body. 44. To travel in a vehicle.

**Reading Down.** 1. Pennsylvania.\* 2. Semi-circular projection at east end of a church. 3. Bronze coin. 4. Used by travellers. 5. You and me. 6. Earth's luminary. 7. Forty-five inches. 8. Chemical symbol for aluminium. 9. A cereal. 10. To run away. 11. Sensible. 12. Famous motor-cycle race.\* 15. The fluid we breathe. 18. Makes suitable. 21. Margin. 22. To give form to. 23. To tear into small pieces. 24. To agitate. 26. Language of Norway. 28. A hint on which to act. 29. Note in the tonic sol-fa scale. 30. Steamship.\* 31. A house for travellers. 33. A measure of wine. 36. Quaint. 38. Territorial officer's decoration.\* 39. To depart. 41. The three-toed sloth.

## Dr MERRYMAN

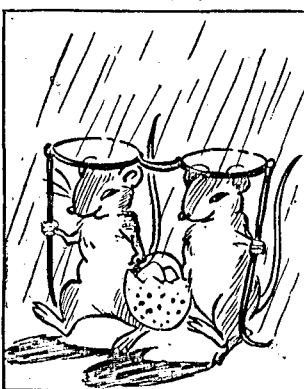
### Monkey

BILL threw a bag of toffees across to his twin sister. "Here you are, Sis. Sweets for the sweet," he said sarcastically. "Thanks very much," she replied. "Here are some nuts."

### Long-Winded

THERE had been a series of talks in the village hall on Keeping Fit. "What an amazing example for us all was our last speaker," said the chairman. "Three-score years and ten, yet he could tire out many a man far younger than himself." "And so he did," came a voice from the back of the hall.

### Shelter For Two



WHEN coming home these mousies found Some glasses left upon the ground. No doubt those passing all agreed That they were spectacles indeed!

### Subdued

BILL: What has happened to old Harry lately? He used to be such a dude. Jack: I can't say; but lately he certainly seems to be, shall we say, subdued.

### Making the Dust Fly

HE tripped over the rug as he entered the room. "This wretched thing annoys me," he said. "Then why not take a stick and give it a good hiding out in the garden?" said his wife sweetly.

### Sensitive

LITTLE SLUSHCOMBE was in need of a village hall and a local committee had been formed for the purpose of raising funds. "If we are to have any success," said a speaker, "some of those who can afford to do so must give, and give until it hurts." "Quite so," commented another committee man, "but unfortunately some people are so sensitive to pain."

## TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

BRENDA went to look for her mother to see if she had cut out the frock for her doll Priscilla. But she found her very busy sewing.

"No, darling," Mother said, "I haven't had a minute! I must get these curtains finished before I go to town today. They have to go up ready for Granny tomorrow, and my machine is away being repaired."

"Oh dear!" sighed Brenda. "Well, I'll help you to sew them, Mummy."

Mummy said she didn't think Brenda's stitches would be neat enough; but Brenda said, "I can make teeny ones if I try."

So then her mother, who had to catch a train, said: "Well, this last one is only

a small curtain, so if you'd really like to help I'll leave you those two seams to hem."



"I hope you'll like it"

Brenda was delighted, and settled down to sew while Mummy hurried off.

At first it was great fun making her very tiniest stitches; but after an hour or so poor Brenda got very

tired of it. How long the hem was; and how her fingers ached. Still, she stuck to it bravely, and when Daddy came in she was still sewing.

She told him what she was doing. "You see, Daddy, it takes such ages because I have to make teeny stitches," she said wearily.

"Yes," said Daddy, "that is a long job! I'm sorry I can't help you."

But Brenda went on and finished it just before bedtime. Oh, how glad she was when it was done!

And next day, when Mummy cut out a lovely doll's frock from some silk she had bought in town Brenda felt she couldn't sew even that, although Priscilla badly needed a new dress, for her

## THE SEWING-MACHINE

fingers were quite sore from yesterday.

She was looking forward to seeing Granny, especially as she was bringing Brenda a present for her birthday.

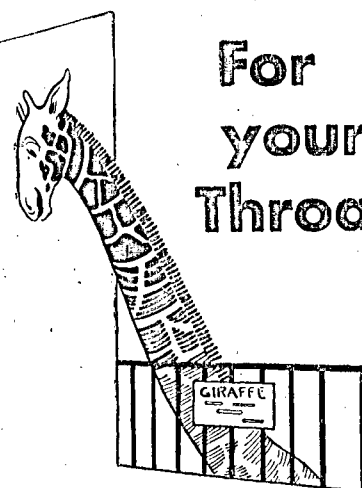
When her father, who had been to fetch Granny, followed her in, he was carrying quite a big parcel.

"Well, darling," said Granny, kissing her, "I hope you'll like the birthday present I've brought you. Your Daddy has been telling me about a little girl who spent hours hemming a curtain for my room—and I got this in town to save her fingers!"

Inside the parcel was a dear little sewing-machine. It would stitch just like Mummy's!

And Brenda hugged Granny with delight.

For  
your  
Throat

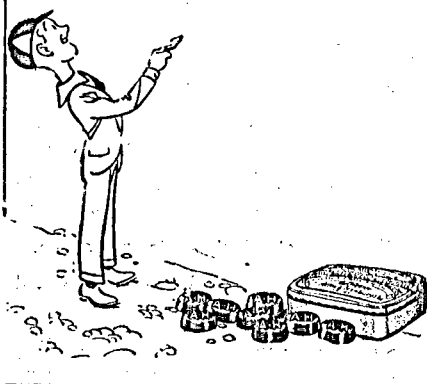


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Glycerine & Black Currant  
Made from pure glycerine and the fresh juice of ripe black currants.

Your Chemist stocks them.

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Just one more!

Who could stop at one Blue Bird Toffee? Certainly not Ann! Nor will you want to, once you have tasted these really Pure and Wholesome sweets. Buy some to-day.

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